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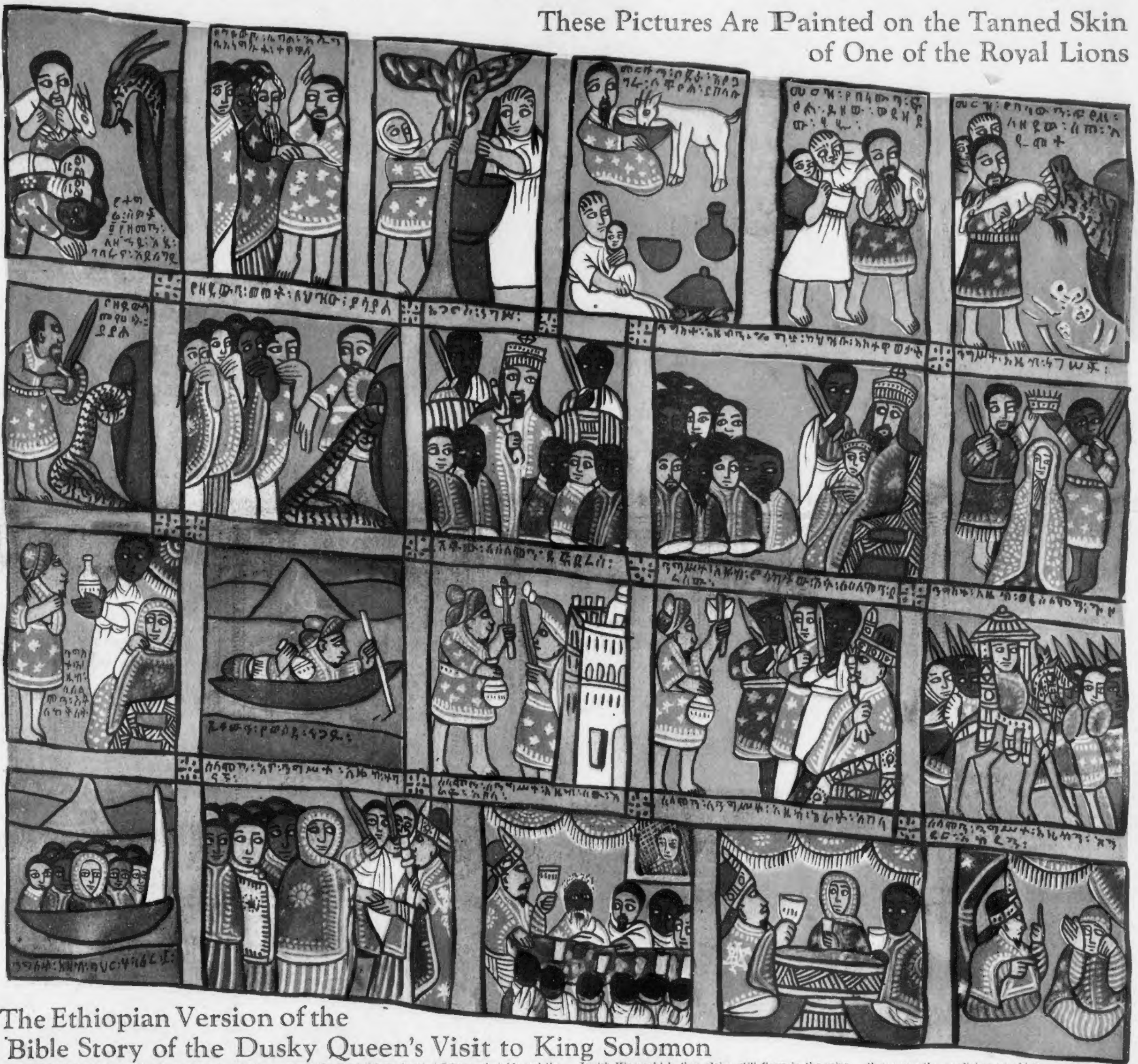
Sunday, Feb. 2, 1936

Pictorial History of the Queen of Sheba by an Ethiopian Artist

These Pictures Are Painted on the Tanned Skin of One of the Royal Lions



The Ethiopian Version of the Bible Story of the Dusky Queen's Visit to King Solomon

ACCORDING to the scriptural narrative in the Old Testament, the Queen of Sheba made a visit to old King Solomon, and the natives of modern Ethiopia claim with great pride that the present royal family are descendants of this ancient dusky ruler. The Emperor Haile Selassie, who is now engaged in defending his empire against the Italians, asserts that the distinguished Queen of Solomon's day was his ancestor. On the tanned skin of one of the Royal Lions has been painted the pictorial history of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, as interpreted by an Ethiopian artist, and these curious primitive drawings are reproduced above in their original colors.

The Bible story, as related in 1 Kings, Chapter 10, says the Queen of Sheba had heard of the fame of Solomon and she came to test his wisdom with some hard questions to find out if he really was as clever as his reputation credited him. So she went to Jerusalem with a great retinue, including camels loaded with spices and sacks of gold and precious stones, "and when she was come to Solomon, she communed with him of all that was in her heart."

She put all her questions to Solomon and he was able to crack all the hard nuts she handed him. The Queen was much impressed with Solomon's wisdom and admired the big house he had built. Having come from a wild and primitive country, the Queen was astonished at all the good things to eat at Solomon's table and the well-trained servants and his lackeys and royal attendants and the clothes they wore.

The Queen was so delighted with all she saw and heard that she gave the King 120 talents of gold and a large quantity of spices and precious stones. She had sent along by water some almug trees and more precious stones. Solomon had never seen this kind of tree before, so he made pillars for the House of the Lord out of them and for his own house he had his carpenters and musicians fashion some harps. Wood of this kind had never before been available in Jerusalem.

In return for the dusky Queen's gifts, King Solomon presented her with "all her desire, whatsoever she asked," in addition to the various presents Solomon had himself picked out to give her.

The Bible has a good deal to say about King Solomon's love affairs. The narrative reports, "King Solomon loved many strange women, together with the daughter of Pharaoh, women of the Moabites, Ammonites, Edomites, Zidonians and Hittites." In fact, his escapades were on such a wholesale scale that "he had 700 wives, princesses and 300 concubines."

But nowhere in the scriptural narrative is there any mention of any affair with the Queen of Sheba. This, however, is asserted as a historical fact by the Ethiopians and they are proud of the blood of the old Jewish King which, they claim, still flows in the veins of the royal family.

It pleases the Ethiopians to cling to the Scriptural narrative and add to it the spice of a love affair, and so in the curious pictures above the native artist has shown, like a series of motion pictures, the interesting origin of the old Queen's father's title to kingship.

The panorama opens with a medicine-man of ancient Ethiopia telling the populace that he knows how to get rid of a dragon that has afflicted the people. As the big snake looks out of his hole and the people bow down before the monster in fear, the medicine-man says, "I can kill the dragon. But what will you do for me if I do?"

After a meeting, shown in Picture No. 2, the people tell him that they will gladly make him king of the country if he will get rid of this big snake.

So, in the next picture, the medicine-man and his servant extract poison from a poison tree. The wily magician then feeds the poison to a goat and in the fifth picture he is shown with his servant carrying the dead goat to the dragon.

They feed the poisoned goat to the dragon, which dies, and the medicine-man, with his sword in his hand, shouts, "I killed the dragon!"

In the eighth picture the populace assembles to see the dead dragon, which the medicine-man has speared with his sword. Quite satisfied to be rid of the creature, they crown the medicine-man king.

The new king has a daughter born to him, and this daugher is crowned Queen of Sheba.

And here, in Picture No. 12, the Scriptural narrative is changed to make King Solomon impressed with the stories he had heard of the great beauty of this Queen in a far distant, foreign land. Solomon, being in Jerusalem, sends a messenger to this beautiful Queen to come and see him some time. The Queen receives King Solomon's messenger and he returns to his master with the message that the Queen of Sheba will shortly follow him.

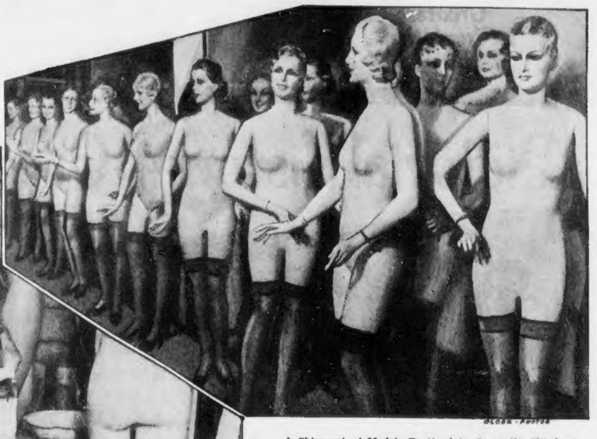
In Picture No. 16 the Queen is shown on an ass with her retinue following behind her on her journey to visit King Solomon. In the next picture she is seen on her boat on the Nile, en route.

In the eighteenth drawing the artist shows her arrival in Jerusalem and her meeting with King Solomon—she with her retinue and he with his crowd. In the next illustration Solomon is shown holding a meeting of his cabinet at a banquet and they have an abundance to eat and drink. In the meantime Sheba is peeping through the lattice-work of the window and he is flirting with her. After the meeting of his cabinet King Solomon has a tete-a-tete with the Queen of Sheba and her servant. And in the final picture above he is shown discussing intimate affairs.

Why Hard Times Have Come To The Pretty Fashion Models

Left—The 1936 Streamlined Model, Which Is Rapidly Replacing the Living "Clotheshorse," Looks Like This. The Czech Model Makers Strive for Realism.

Below—One of the Most Interesting Sights for Tourists Include a Trip Through the Shop Where the Models Are Cast. The Photo Shows a New "Torso" Being Turned Out.



GLOBE - PHOTOS

A Shipment of Models Destined to Grace the Windows of a Smart London Shop.

PRAGUE, Czechoslovakia.

HUNDREDS of comely and shapely manikins are out of work these days. In Paris, London, Berlin, Budapest and other European cities these human "clothes horses" are trying their well-manicured hands at jobs that they don't like and for which the majority of them are ill-fitted.

The pretty young women who used to parade in expensive clothes in the ateliers of the Continental fashion centers haven't a clear idea of what has happened to their once pleasant and profitable profession. Most of them have little understanding of economics and they blame their plight on the "hard times."

There's some truth in this explanation. Money isn't as plentiful in Europe, or anywhere else, as it was in the days before the World War, and thousands of women who bought their wardrobes in the smart salons have lost their money and been forced to budget. This state of affairs has deprived many manikins of the opportunity to work.

That's not the whole story, however. For the past ten years man-made models have been getting better. Improvement in design and construction have "humanized" the objects once known as clothing store dummies and made the figures so life-like that many stores are using them to the exclusion of live manikins.

The photographs on this page were taken in a Prague factory, one of many such plants in Europe. The pictures tell a story that should be enlightening to the fashion models who have been ousted from salons into offices, shops and even into restaurants as waitresses. In short, the waxen robots are pushing the living manikins out of their jobs.

The craftsmen in the Czechoslovakian factory are imaginative and expert. They know how to mold pretty faces and graceful figures. None of the scarecrow stiffness of the old-time dummies gets into their figures, for which live models pose.

The head of the factory's wig department keeps up with the latest vogue in coiffures. It is part of his job to see that the heads of the robots are never behind the times. From all over the world he buys the best of human hair—blonde, brunette and Titian. Expert dyers touch up these locks to make them shining and exactly the right shade. Skilled hairdressers curl, wave and arrange the wigs with as much care as they would exercise on the "crowning glory" of living patrons.

Other master craftsmen make the eyes, eyelashes, teeth and fingernails, and tint the plaster forms so that they look surprisingly like healthy human skin. When a model is ready for shipment it is complete with silk stockings and high-heeled slippers.

For the British trade the wax manikins have typical English faces and figures. Those that are shipped to France look like mademoiselles and the figures for Spanish stores are dark-eyed senoritas. It is small wonder that the live manikins are harassed by "hard times."

Moving Day No Problem in Uganda

THE blacks of the African Congo have their troubles, even as humans in every other place. But moving day to them isn't much different from other days. The photograph at the right was taken in Uganda. It shows a dozen natives bearing one of the village huts from its old location to a new one. In the Congo, families do not merely move their belongings. They move house and all and make a quick job of it.

The owner of this particular house, if the cameraman understood the situation aright, was moving to a more "exclusive" corner of the settlement because prosperity had come to him through a good season of raising and bartering cattle. In Uganda, as in England and America, there are choice locations. The grass abode the natives are carrying on their heads was being moved to a site close by the chief's big hut—a maneuver that was permitted because of the owner's improved financial situation.

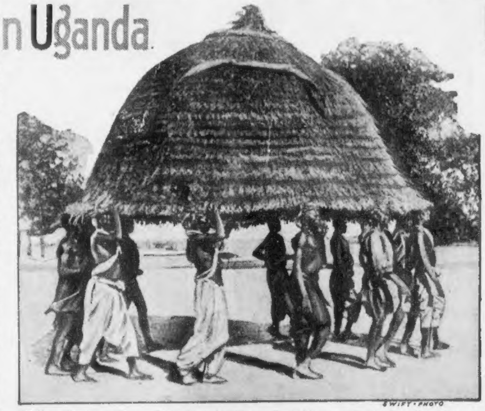
This cattle-owning capitalist, however, is not prevented from enjoying certain communistic benefits just because he has acquired more worldly goods than most of his neighbors. On the day that he decided to move he just passed the word around and there was plenty of free help available to lift the dome-like structure of grass and sticks clear of its old moorings and tote it to the new and more desirable location.

Uganda, as might be supposed, needs no housing administrator. No one in that section of the Dark Continent ever has to worry about having a roof over his head. The materials for construction—clumps of tall grass and the branches of bushes and trees—are at hand. Labor is not an item to harass the builder, because it is the custom for his neighbors to turn out and help him put his house up. The ordinary Uganda hut can be erected in a day's work, and on moving day it can be shifted from one lot to another in a few minutes.

It might seem to the person used to living in a house of wood, brick or stone that the homes in the Congo are flimsy affairs, offering little protection from the heat or the rain. But these primitive structures are much more practical than they appear to be. The bundles of grass are so fashioned and fastened to the framework that they keep out all but the most violent rains, and although they are not insulated they do repel some of the heat that beats down upon them a good part of the year.

Almost every Uganda village has its "town hall," or community house, which is several times the size of a family dwelling. This, too, is made of sticks and grass. Sometimes a chief deems it wise, or necessary, to shift the location of an entire village. When such an order goes out it often takes a couple of hundred husky blacks to transport the community house from one place to another.

Usually when a whole village is picked up and shifted to a new site, it is because the cattle need more fertile grazing grounds.



SWIFT - PHOTO

Natives Moving a Hut in Their Uganda Village, Probably for a Better Location, Since the Owner Has Lately Acquired Prestige Through His Wealth, Mostly Cattle.

Fish That Smokes a Pipe

THERE are fish stories and fish stories—most of which are figments of the imagination that would make Isaak Walton, the dean of anglers, turn over in his grave. But now and then the record is brightened by a true fish yarn, such as this one about a Hawaiian balloon fish with the explosive name of Dynamite, shown in the photograph below.

Take it from W. W. Cottrell, curator of Honolulu's world-famous War Memorial Natatorium, this picture of his finned friend is not a fake. It is very much on the level, and hundreds of visitors to the Hawaiian aquarium stand ready to swear by the Good Book that Dynamite sticks his homely snout above the surface of the water when Mr. Cottrell whistles and obliges by taking puffs at the stem of a briar pipe.

The pipe smoking was Cottrell's own idea. He wanted to find out whether the surprisingly tame and friendly balloon fish could be taught some trick that never had been mastered by any other fish. After many months of patient training he has succeeded—Dynamite not only pops up at the edge of the pool in answer to the trainer's whistle, but he takes the proffered pipe stem in his maw and actually inhales noisily.

The first time or two there was no tobacco in the bowl of the pipe, but after that Dynamite actually smoked and seemed to enjoy the effect of the "weed." He backed away from the pipe and cut circles like a playful porpoise.

How the balloon fish happened to swim into the natatorium pool through a small opening that flows in from the sea is something of a mystery, even to the curator, who knows a lot about fish. Ordinarily these bulbous denizens of the deep keep far away from human contact. But Dynamite is different. Once he found the sanctuary, he liked the place and adopted it as his home in preference to the wide Pacific. For a week or two he refused to emulate the tamer fish in the pool, and then he weakened and swam to the surface to gobble up bits of banana and cookies tossed by the visitors.

He quickly discovered that no one had any intention of catching him with hook or gaff, and was soon taking food from the hands of Mr. Cottrell. This seemed like considerable of a feat for a balloon fish—and then came the patient coddling and the pipe smoking.

Like others of his family, Dynamite, as his name implies, can take in unusual quantities of air and water, which makes him blow up like a toy balloon. At the time the photograph below was taken he was at ease and "deflated."

The pipe-smoking pet of the Honolulu aquarium seldom gets angry at his friend, the curator. But wfen some of the visitors get too rough or too familiar with him, he resents their attentions and literally "blows up." By taking in air and water through his mouth, he swells and swells until he is twice his normal size. Then he goes off in a corner of the pool and sulks until his pique is over.

Gulliver Becomes Film Hero

LEMUEL GULLIVER has been one of the world's best known story book characters for more than two centuries—ever since Jonathan Swift, an English clergyman who had a flair for satire, used Gulliver and his travels among strange people to complain of political and economic conditions in the British Isles. But it took the Soviet Russians, of all people, to make Gulliver into a movie hero.

The Russian movie producer, while giving credit to the creator of Gulliver and the little Lilliputians among whom he had so many incredible things happen to him, twisted the story around so that it would be propaganda for the Communistic State.

He made Lilliputia represent a capitalist nation and cast Gulliver in the role of a strong Left Winger, bent upon righting the multiple wrongs that the Russians perceive in the profit system. Gulliver was played by a 14-year-old boy, one V. Konstantinov, and the Lilliputians were cleverly made and manipulated puppets—3000 of them in all.

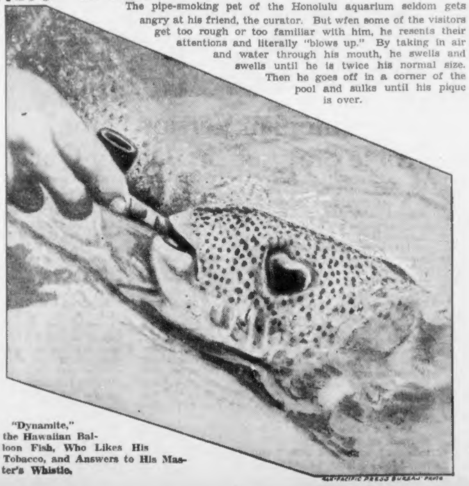
The picture begins with a Russian boy falling asleep at a picnic while someone is reading the story of Gulliver and his travels. The boy dreams that he is Gulliver and in the land of the tiny Lilliputs. He is bound to the ground with threads, as Jonathan Swift related in his fantasy, but from there on the tale is curiously modernized. The Lilliput police chief arrives in an armored car and the fire department swarms all over Gulliver and runs a line of hose into his mouth. Scores of tiny war tanks pull the seeming giant to the palace of the king—an idiot and, of course, a thorough-going capitalist.

When Gulliver, being a good Communist, discovers that his hosts are an unenlightened race still exploiting the masses he looks around until he finds a few of the midgets who have formed themselves into a workers' party and becomes their militant hero. He drags the ships of the Lilliputian navy out to sea where the fleet is wrecked and the capitalist seamen and their officers drowned. Then he laughs mightily when the nit-wit monarch hangs himself from the hands of a clock.

In the Russian theatres the audiences found this part of the picture something to cheer about, and they guffawed with Gulliver as the shallow-pated monarch swung back and forth as evidence of the death of capitalism and the triumph of communism—in an imaginary land.

The picture ends, having told its story of propaganda, when the Russian boy wakes up to find the picnic over.

A Scene From the New Russian Film, Depicting the Adventures of Gulliver in the Land of the Lilliputs. Note the Little Fellow by Gulliver's Cheek.



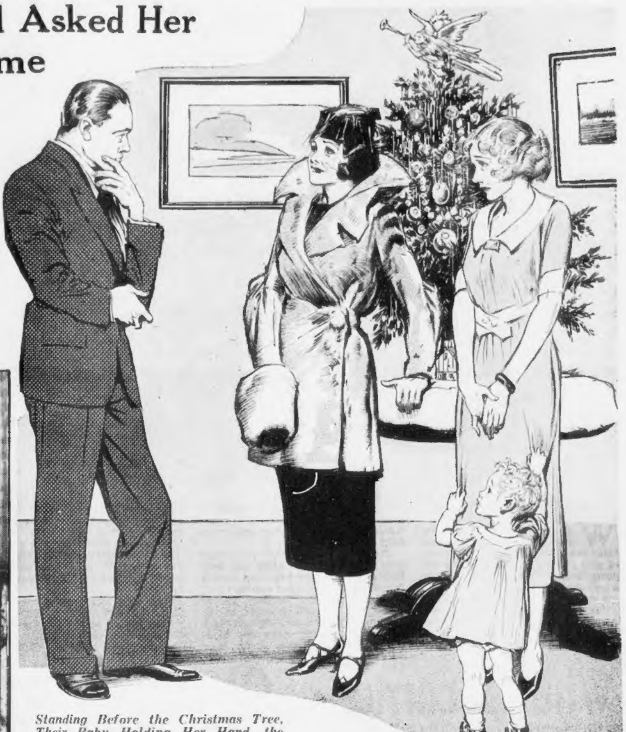
PACIFIC PRESS BUREAU PHOTO

"Dynamite," the Hawaiian Balloon Fish, Who Likes His Tobacco, and Answers to His Master's Whistle.

Her Suicide, Their Christmas Present

Young Mrs. Hayden Had Asked Her Fickle Husband to Bring Home His Sweetheart and, Before the Baby and the Christmas Tree, Choose Between Them—and He Picked the Other Woman

Josephine Carden, Whom Hayden Picked in Preference to His Wife at Her Pathetic Test.



Standing Before the Christmas Tree, Their Baby Holding Her Hand, the "Other Woman" Beside Her, Young Mrs. Hayden Told Her Husband to Decide Between Them. He Picked the Sweetheart—And the Wife Killed Herself So They Might Marry.

INT'L.

Josephine Weeping in Jail After Being Held in the Investigation of Mrs. Hayden's Suicide—Not So Much Fun as the Christmas Tree Experience.

James Hayden, the Husband.

Mrs. Alice Hayden, the Young Wife Who Staked Her Happiness on One Desperate Throw—and Lost.

"COME on in here and sit with us, Alice."

James Hayden, a blond young man, said this in a generous, big-hearted manner, befitting the master of the house inviting the cook to sit down in the parlor with the rest of the family on Christmas night.

It was Christmas night in the Haydens' four-room apartment in Chicago. A Christmas tree, glittering with many-colored electric lights, stood on the table safely out of reach of their tiny daughter Geraldine.

As he spoke, young Mr. Hayden looked for confirmation of his big-heartedness to the handsome eighteen-year-old brunette across whose shoulders his arm rested comfortably, as one might expect of a husband with a contented wife and a happy home on Christmas last. The brunette graciously nodded consent and approval.

But the brunette happened not to be his wife, but the "other woman," Miss Josephine Carden, and it was Alice, his own wife of three years, blonde, beautiful, only twenty-one years old, whom he was inviting to come into the living-room and sit with him and her successful rival.

From the dark bedroom came Mrs. Hayden's reply to the invitation. It was in a very quiet tone, but, somehow, to the husband's accustomed ear there was a note in it that made him uneasy. What was she doing in there, anyway? The quiet voice from the dark said:

"You leave me alone. I'll be all right—in just a minute."

"What does she mean by just a minute?" the husband wondered. But before he could ask the answer came in a flash and the crack of a pistol. Then there was the sound of a fall that made the lights on the little tree dance.

There was a second of stunned silence. Then the husband leaped to his feet and ran to the first bedroom. There lay Alice, blonde as himself, face-down on the floor. He turned her over.

Big blue eyes, with long silken lashes but glassy and unseeing as those of a doll, gazed at him. His glance flew from them to a dark spot growing with terrifying rapidity on the bosom of her little gingham house dress.

"Jo, she's shot herself!" the man gasped to the eighteen-year-old other woman, who now stared down from the door.

"I've got to get her to a hospital, quick. You stay here and watch the kid," he grunted as he swung the limp form onto his shoulder, staggered down the stairs and out into the slippery, snowy night, across the street, where a car was parked.

Then came one of those sickening details that crowd the heels of tragedy. The car was locked, the keys were not in his pocket. There was nothing to do but leave the bleeding woman on the running board while he ran back, hunted for and found them. The engine was cold, the radio had run the battery down and it almost failed him. Finally he got it going.

In the Washington Boulevard Hospital, on Chicago's West Side, a group of surgeons tore away the dress front, now soaked in crimson, from the slim little figure. One applied a stethoscope, another a needle. They seemed anxious and hurried at first, then deliberate and unconcerned.

"Pretty, isn't she?" the man with the stethoscope remarked.

"Yes," the blond youth agreed, "but how is she?"

"She's dead," was the answer. "How did it happen?"

That, as young Hayden realized, when he had to tell it to the police, was a peculiar story.

"We had no idea she was going to do anything like that," Hayden, who is twenty-three years old, told Police Sergeant David Coughlin. "I asked her if ten dollars a week would be enough for her and the kid, and she said it would be plenty for Geraldine and that she would take care of herself. Alice seemed so calm that I thought she had come to her senses at last. Before that she wouldn't listen to reason at all."

"About what?" asked the sergeant.

"About Jo, here, and getting a divorce."

Sergeant Coughlin put down the words "other woman in case" after Josephine's name and address. At this the eighteen-year-old girl, just out of high school, spoke:

"Yes, she acted like a good sport about it all. That's why we didn't think anything was wrong when she went into the bedroom to sit."

At this point Sergeant Coughlin took a long and appraising look at the young woman as she sat before him, crossed legs sheathed in sheer hose and shod in spike-heeled patent-leather pumps. With her imitation broadtail fur coat, cut to reveal the curves of her figure, a smart black turban tilted at just the right angle over her smooth, long bob, large brown eyes gazing innocently from behind a nose-veil draped at a knowing angle, she presented an altogether attractive picture.

It was one, nevertheless, that looked a bit too jaunty to suit a man who knows to his sorrow that any idiot can make himself momentarily important to the police by simply doing wrong. There was no sign of admiration in the sergeant's manner when he remarked:

"You had more luck than you deserved that she didn't give it to you first."

Pretty Miss Carden looked hurt at this sentiment and let the man whom her activities had made a widower go on with the story. He said:

"I met Jo about a year ago at a friend's home. Alice wasn't with me. She was at home with the baby.

"Well, I don't know why, but I got to liking her right away. She laughed a lot and she knew how to dress. I asked her if I could see her again and she said 'yes.'

"The next time I saw her I told her I was married. She said it was too bad because she liked me, too. She was fresh out of high school and looking for a job.

"I have a small cartage business, so I said she could work a few hours every day at my office. Well, she started, but we found out we were so stuck on each other we couldn't get any business done. Then she got a job in a candy factory. She didn't earn much, but enough to buy clothes."

He didn't mention that Josephine's widowed mother provided her with free food and room in her home at 3447 Franklin Boulevard. Her job made it possible for her to buy nice clothes, so she would always look attractive to Hayden. That is what she really had to show for her work in the candy factory.

"One day I told Alice the truth," Hayden went on to say. "That I couldn't give her any more affection because I was in love with someone else. She didn't say much, just thought a while, then took the baby to Portland, Oregon, where her mother lives. She said that in her absence I would soon know which one I loved."

This was "being sensible about it," according to advanced young ideas. If somebody has stolen your husband, why get red eyes crying about it? Let him go, with alimony, of course, and steal some other woman's mate.

"But," Mr. Hayden complained, "she came back in two months without my asking her. She said everything would be all right, but I told her I didn't think so—and now look what's happened."

Poor little Alice had thought hard in those two months, and believed she knew what was wrong. In order to put every cent they could into the business, the young couple had been living in rented rooms. Now, if Jimmie had a real home to enjoy, it would be different. She scurried around until she found a four-room apartment, near the business and at a rental they could afford. The place was newly decorated and the bathroom was done in orchid.

She next set about buying furniture. There was an overstuffed living-room suite of mohair; a bedroom suite of walnut, of which she was particularly proud. There were table lamps and a standing lamp, and one room, a small one, fixed up nursery-fashion for the baby. With pitiful trust that her husband would be her lover again if only she could offer him a nice enough love-nest, she feathered it with all the enthusiasm of a bird in Springtime. And, when they moved in, this is what happened, according to the husband's account:

"She was awful cheerful and happy and I stayed home nights for a while to please her. But I still couldn't give her any affection."

Undiscouraged, the little wife kept on hoping and believing that she would win, until Josephine decided it was "high time for somebody to put that woman wise to herself." And who could do it better than Josephine herself? One evening, just after Geraldine had been put to bed, the doorbell rang and the blonde wife, in a plain old gown, faced a youthful brunette, dressed in her very best. The stranger introduced herself:

"I'm the girl your husband is going around with."

There was an awkward moment and then Alice quietly asked her stylishly dressed young visitor to sit in one of the overstuffed chairs.

"He doesn't love you," began the caller. "Why don't you give him up?"

"He does love me," returned Jimmie's wife, "and he loves the baby. But he has to find it out."

Josephine shrugged her shoulders and left and Jimmie returned to find Alice weeping on the new walnut bed.

"I was surprised to find out Josephine had been there," Jimmie told police. "But it had to happen sometime. I think Jo showed a lot of spunk to go to Alice."

Weeks passed and the holiday season approached. Alice had an idea. Surely Christmas day with all its appeal was the day to make her husband see his folly. She got a little Christmas tree, and decorated it, a big angel proclaiming "peace on earth, good will to men" for its top. She strewed the room with holly and tinsel. It was Christmas Eve.

Christmas Eve, the climax on which Alice based her last hopes, passed—without Jimmie. His presents lay unopened under the tree when he finally slipped in at three in the morning, and Alice pretended not to hear him. Christmas day, Alice watched him in thoughtful silence, until in the evening she suggested that fatal test. Hayden described it to the police as follows: "I couldn't get excited about any of the things she'd done for Christmas because I was thinking of Josephine, I suppose. Well she sensed it and said: 'Jimmie, why don't you bring Josephine over to the house tonight for a showdown?'

"Thinking she was ready to give in, I said: 'Okay, I will.'

"I went over to Jo's house and told her Alice was ready to talk sense. She said she thought it was about time."

A calm, cool Alice, looking sweet and housewifey in a nice gingham frock, met them at the door.

"She told me to leave them together for an hour," Jimmie continued, "and I went over to my mother's. When I came back it looked like everything had been decided."

But it wasn't. Alice stood up and said: "Let Jimmie decide forever which one of us he wants. I'll never ask him again."

"I take Josephine," answered the husband, after a few moments scrutiny that must have been plain hell to the wife who had staked everything on that one throw. She watched him place his arm around the girl with the I-told-you-so expression, then in a quiet voice said:

"If you love each other that much you must always stick together and I will get out of your way."

They discussed a few details of the divorce and then Alice kissed the baby, playing happily on the floor under the tree, looked at her equally happy husband and rival and then stepped into the bedroom and remained there without turning on the light.

It was a Merry Christmas for Jimmie and Jo. They sat planning their future for a time before it occurred to Hayden to invite his wife to join them.

Instead, using her husband's pistol, she made them a Christmas present of her own dead body, thus making it legally possible for them to be married at once.

But this did not happen.

When the police decided to hold Jimmie and Josephine in jail overnight she broke down and wept hysterically.

"Why must I be dragged into this mess?" she wailed. "I don't want to marry him, anyway. I'm too young to be tied down to a man with a baby."

Hayden seemed dazed and unbelieving when told that he had lost not only his wife but his sweetheart as well.

"I guess Jo's a little scared," he faltered. "But with a baby on my hands I guess I really ought to get married again."

Raising The Baby Gorilla Twins Just Like Children

The Baby Gorillas Get Their Daily Bath, Which They Relish as Little as Any Human Baby.

Below—The Only Difference Between a Baby Nursery and That of the Gorillas Is the Type of Crib Used. These Are More Like Cages, for Reasons of Expediency.

PHOTOS BY KEYSTONE VIEW CO.

Bobby and Paulinchen, the Hanover Gorilla Twins. Their Daily Appearance in Public in Their Carriage Always Creates a Sensation.

The Twins With Their Nurse, Who Watches Over Them Night and Day.

HANOVER, Germany.

WHAT is in some ways the most interesting experiment ever made with simians is now being carried on in this city by a group of able scientists. These experts are going to find out what will happen to a pair of gorilla twins raised in exactly the same manner as human babies.

The twins—Bobby and Paulinchen—were sent here a few days after their birth in the Paris Zoo. An up-to-date nursery and a trained nurse familiar with the best methods of raising children were waiting for them. Every detail of their upbringing was carefully mapped out.

The little gorillas start every day with a warm bath. After the bath they are fed orange juice and a milk formula that has worked out very well with children. The furniture in the nursery is like nothing found in the monkey house of a zoo. It includes a crib and a play pen of the most modern type and when they go for their daily ride in the sunshine and fresh air the little gorillas travel in an up-to-date streamlined baby buggy.

Bobby and Paulinchen wear diapers and warm woolen shirts. They have blocks, brightly colored balls and rattles in their play pen. They keep regular hours.

Special arrangements have been made to record every reaction of the young gorillas to their environment. Out of sight of their bright eyes movie cameras have been set up. With these cameras photographers grind away while the homely-faced simians splash water in the bath tub, drink milk through sterilized nipples and roll about their play pen.

Heretofore, veterinaries have taken charge of gorillas born in captivity. In the present extraordinary experiment the welfare of the new arrivals is in the hands of one of Germany's best known baby specialists, a man who knows a great deal about the psychology of children as well as their physical needs.

Whether Bobby and Paulinchen will become more man-like than any of their kind up to now remains to be seen. It is quite possible, the conductors of the experiment say, that cleanliness and "proper" food and all the rest of the rigmarole that is thought to be important to human infants, may benefit these members of the monkey family little, if any. Perhaps it would be better to let Nature take its course.

What Becomes of Old Auto Tires

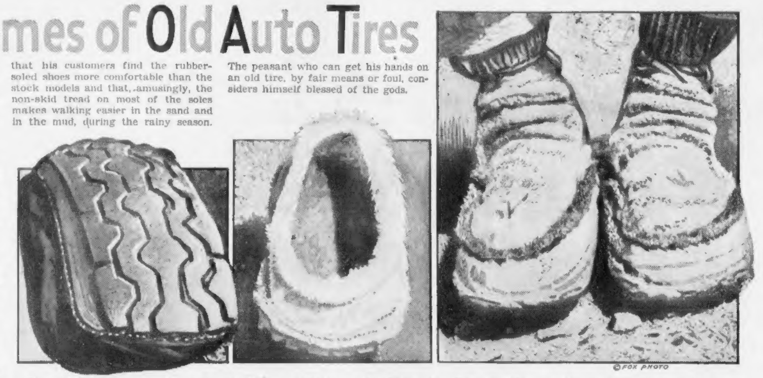
THE automobile has not had the civilizing influence among the poor peasants of Kurdistan that it has in more populous and progressive places, but it has speeded up transportation there—and started something of a vogue in footwear.

As the photographs at the right show, the Assyrian inhabitants of the outlying sections of Kurdistan have discovered that the worn treads of old tires make exceptionally comfortable and durable shoes. A dozen sets of thick soles can be fashioned from one worn-out tire too battered to be of any use on the rim of a motor car.

The Assyrian peasants did not have to depart from the style of shoe that they and their ancestors have worn for centuries; they merely adapted a new material to the old, broad-toed last with its top of woolen fabric and the hair of sheep and goats which are their mainstay of existence.

A native shoemaker who had the business acumen to buy up a pile of worn-out tires which he discovered in a public garage has made more money in the past year than he did in the preceding three years. He reports that his customers find the rubber-soled shoes more comfortable than the stock models and that, amusingly, the non-skid tread on most of the soles makes walking easier in the sand and in the mud, during the rainy season.

The peasant who can get his hands on an old tire, by fair means or foul, considers himself blessed of the gods.



© FOX PHOTO

Shoes Made From Automobile Tires and Worn by Assyrians in Kurdistan. Note How the Sole of Rubber Is Trimmed With Wool and Goat Hair, and Made Into Comfortable Brogans. The Peasant With a Pair of Such Shoes Considers Himself Well and Stylishly Shod.

China's Champ Mermaid

IN THE admiring eyes of the young bloods of China, Miss Yang Hsiu-chang is a shining example of the sort of girl that thousands of slant-eyed maids aspire to be. She is the outstanding opposite of the narrow-shouldered, lily-footed, retiring daughters of honorable ancestors who used to spend their time pouring tea, gently twanging the strings of ancient instruments and remembering that, in the Land of the Yellow Dragon, the female of the species is of small account.

Miss Yang Hsiu-chang is blessed with the physique of a Diana and she is known from one end of the sprawling country to the other as a swimmer that few men of her race can beat in competition. One room of her modest home is filled with cups, medals and newspaper clippings of her aquatic achievements.

She was one of the outstanding athletic stars at the recent opening of Shanghai's $10,000,000 Civic Center Stadium and carried off most of the swimming prizes for women. She aspires to a movie career.

Miss Yang Hsiu-chang, Holder of Many Chinese Women's Aquatic Records.

"Balloon Bungalows" To Save Whole Families From Poison Gas

PARIS.

THE French people are hoping and praying that the day never will come when squadrons of enemy bombing planes will roar over their capital and other cities to rain down death and destruction. But the way things are going in Europe they are matching their hopes and prayers with practical precautions against assault from the sky.

Whole systems of bomb-and-gas-proof cellars have been built in Paris and in several other French cities and towns. These modern catacombs, fashioned of thick walls of concrete and steel and fitted with machinery to provide them with ample supplies of fresh air, would, in time of war, save thousands of lives. But they cannot hold the entire population. That's why such contraptions as the "balloon bungalow" shown in the accompanying photographs are being designed and tested against the day when clouds of death-dealing gas may settle down over the French landscape.

A few weeks ago, with high political and military officials watching the proceedings, one of these bag-like shelters was put through a series of tests. Made of light-weight balloon canvas and treated to make the fabric impervious to poison gas, the great sack was inflated with a hand-pump, very much like a large-size bicycle pump, and a dozen persons crawled through its circular door. When they were safely inside and the cloth portal was closed tight, the room in which the tests were being conducted was filled with gas—not deadly poison gas but tear gas. The gas settled down and around the "balloon bungalow" but not a bit of it leaked in.

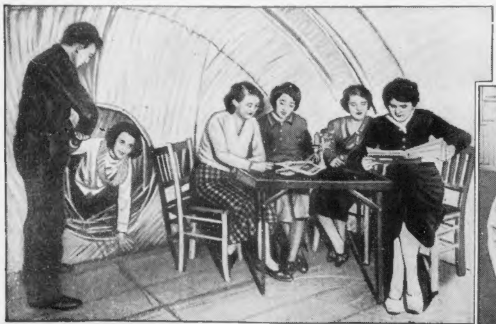
Observers on the outside wore the most modern type of gas-mask (thousands of which already are as much a part of the wardrobe of French families as hats and shoes). For more than an hour they watched the cloud of tear gas swirl about the big bag. They talked, by special telephone connection, with the people inside. Their eyes were kept on dials which registered the content of the air which had been pumped into the bag. It was noted, with satisfaction, that there was no contamination of this air. The subjects within the reinforced folds of canvas reported that they felt not the least discomfort despite their rather small quarters.

Other tests were made. A small quantity of tear gas (not enough to cause acute discomfort) was admitted to the "balloon bungalow" with several people occupying the strange abode. Even then they were not conscious of this contamination of the air they were breathing because the air-purifying machinery on the inside of the bag worked perfectly. The gas was quickly drawn into this mechanism and only good, clean, breathable air came out. It is said that the machinery is patterned after the air-purifying apparatus on the latest type of submarines.

It is reported that the French Government is watching the experiments with the "balloon bungalow" closely and, if the device proves itself efficient, may recommend its installation in homes, offices and factories. In the event of a gas attack a whole family could get quickly into such a portable gas-proof chamber and remain in comparative comfort and safety for many hours.

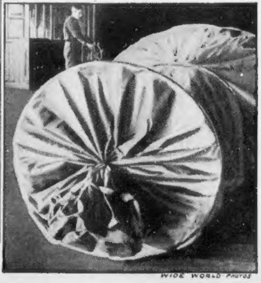
The inventor of the device points out that the construction of permanent, subterranean shelters for all the citizens of a country the size of France is a practical impossibility and that some such contraption as the "balloon bungalow" is, except in the case of heavy bombardment, one way of affording comfortable protection at a moderate cost. The importance of some efficient and inexpensive sort of anti-gas defense in the smaller towns and rural sections has moved the government to encourage inventors to give their time and imagination to the problem.

It would be a simple matter to make the "balloon bungalow" in various sizes from small bags intended to accommodate a couple of people to bags big enough to hold as many as 50 people.



Interior View of One of the New "Balloon Bungalows" Which May Be Installed in Homes, Offices and Factories to Protect French Citizens From Poison Gas.

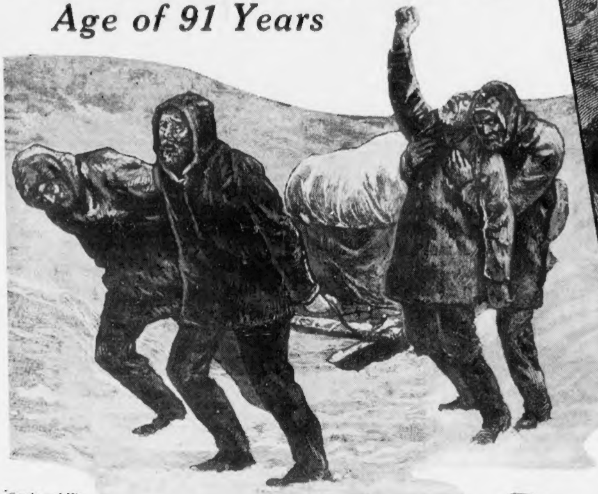
How the "Balloon Bungalow" Looks From the Outside, With the Doorway Closed. The Man in the Background Is Pumping Fresh Air Into the Big Bag.



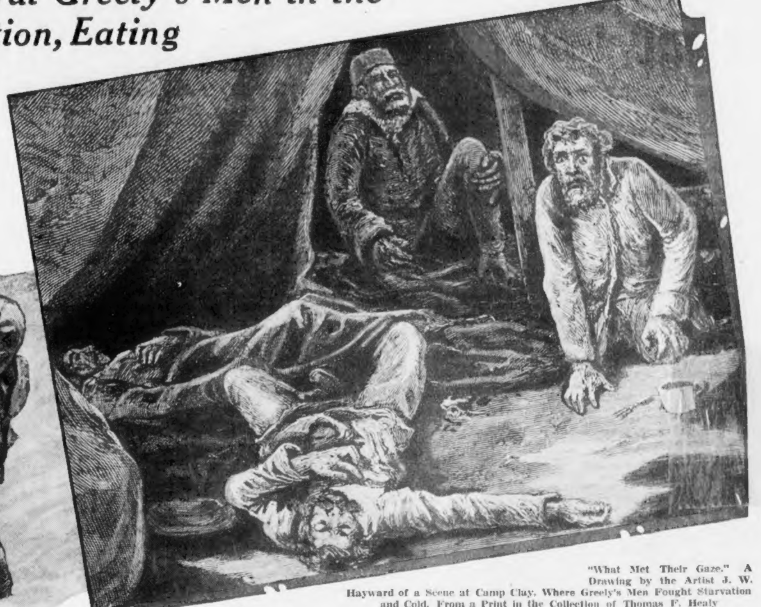
WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Why Hardship and Privation Do Not Kill People

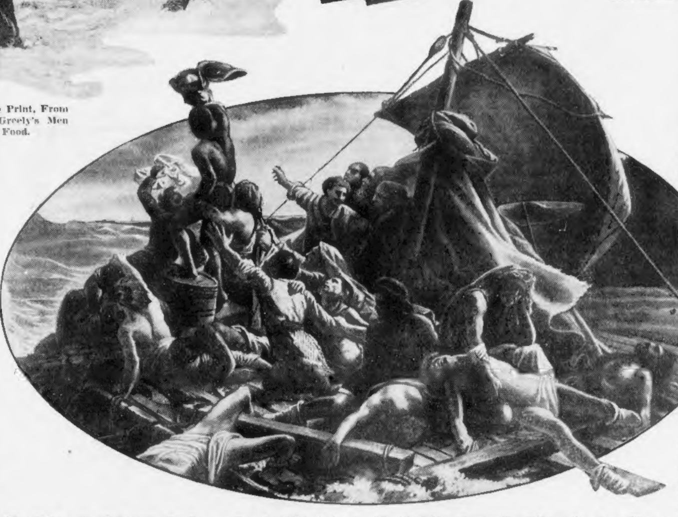
Frightful Experiences of General Greely's Men in the Arctic Fighting Cold and Starvation, Eating Their Boots and Skin Clothing, Hands and Feet Frozen---But He Lived to the Ripe Old Age of 91 Years



Greely and His Men Suffered Almost Incredible Hardship Before the Few Survivors of the Arctic Colony Were Rescued. The Above Print, From an Illustration Made Shortly After the Rescue, Shows Greely's Men Struggling Over the Frozen Wastes in Search of Food. From the Healy Collection.



"What Met Their Gaze." A Drawing by the Artist J. W. Hayward of a Scene at Camp Clay, Where Greely's Men Fought Starvation and Cold. From a Print in the Collection of Thomas F. Healy



The Raft of the Medusa, by the Famous French Artist Gericault. The Hardships Surrounding Life at Sea Less Than a Century Ago Were Almost Incredible. Yet Many a Sailor Lived to Retire From the Sea and Die at a Ripe Old Age.

Major-General Adolphus Washington Greely, Leader of the Famous Expedition Into the Arctic.

R. J. Fairbanks, Who Lived More Than a Quarter of a Century in Death Valley, Rescued Fifty Younger Men From Certain Death, Yet, Despite the Hardships He Faced, Lived Longer Than the Allotted Three-Score-and-Ten.

GENERAL ADOLPHUS W. GREELY died recently at the age of 91, a striking illustration of the fact that hardship and privation do not kill people or even shorten their lives. Very few human beings in modern times have gone through the frightful experience of terrific cold, nine months of subsistence on food sufficient only for six weeks and the rigors of an Arctic winter. But for years before and after this experience, General Greely had been exposed to the bad sanitation, poor food and other unhealthful conditions of early American Army posts. For almost a full lifetime his work as Chief Signal Officer of the Army, took him back and forth between the ice of Alaska and the tropical sun of Cuba and Puerto Rico, under unhealthful sanitary conditions.

Yet in spite of the stress and strain and exposure and privation and lack of nourishment, General Greely kept in good health until his death a short time ago He had lived twenty years longer than the Bible span of life of three-score-and-ten, and out of the six who returned from the Greely Arctic Expedition one is still alive and in good health at the age of 79.

Only last year there died at the extreme age of 89, Mrs. Margaret Isabella Breen McMahon, last survivor of another of the great tragedies of starvation in American history, the disaster that overtook the party of immigrants at Donner Lake in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, east of California, in the Winter of 1846. It is said some members of the party resorted to cannibalism to survive.

The sufferings of the survivors must have been almost beyond human endurance. Yet some of these survivors lived to ripe old ages; possibly even longer than they would have lived had the sufferings been spared, for there is the theory that persons are so "toughened" by such experiences that more ordinary sufferings and privations have little power to hurt.

The picture, "The Raft of the Medusa," on this page, started a new school of painting because of its graphic portrayal of the hardships suffered by the unfortunate sailors. The Medusa, a French ship, was wrecked in July, 1816, off the west coast of Africa, and only six small boats were available for the four hundred passengers and crew aboard. A raft was devised to carry most of this four hundred and the hardships they suffered were nearly incredible. There were two mutinies as hunger and thirst-crazed soldiers and sailors broke into the meager stores. Many were crushed between the loosely bound timbers of the raft, others were swept overboard and devoured by sharks. The few survivors were so starved they ate the bodies of their companions and gnawed the leather of their own belts. Fifteen of the band were finally rescued by another ship, five of them so seriously wounded that they died, but the other ten soon recovered and lived normal, healthy lives despite the tremendous privations they had undergone.

Few people have known the hardships that old "Dad" Fairbanks has lived through. For more than a quarter of a century Fairbanks lived in Death Valley, and during that time rescued fifty younger men from what otherwise would have been certain death. Yet he himself survived his hardships and lived longer than his allotted three-score-and-ten.

Extreme old age has been ascribed by various experts to drinking Bulgarian milk; to the use of wine or tobacco, or to abstaining from using them; to an all-vegetable diet or to an all-meat one, to drinking plenty of water or to drinking none of it.

About the only thing that science seems able to agree on is the story of the elderly gentleman who was asked last year to what he attributed his age of 100 years. It undoubtedly was due, he replied, to the fact that he had been born in 1835.

Yet there may be something in the theory of hardening or toughening, which process undoubtedly was experienced by General Greely and by the present sole survivor of that expedition, General David L. Brainard, whether or not it had anything to do with the surprising longevity of these officers.

The Greely expedition was a chapter of accidents and mismanagements, not so much by the expedition itself as by the officials in Washington who were responsible for rescuing it. The reason for the expedition was an international plan formulated several years before by weather experts and other scientists in the various nations of the Northern Hemisphere. The plan was that a series of observing stations should be maintained for a full year at a number of points as close as possible to the North Pole, so that weather effects and especially the variations of the magnetic compass might be studied on all sides of the Pole.

General Greely, then a lieutenant, was selected as commander; with two other officers, a surgeon, nineteen enlisted men and commissioned officers of the Army and two Eskimos as hunters and guides, making a party of twenty-five in all. The party was taken north by ship to a point on Lady Franklin Bay and landed, with material for a small house and ample supplies for two years, in case the relief vessel which was to be sent next Winter proved unable to reach them because of difficulties with the ice.

In fact, not only did the relief vessel sent the next Summer ,fail to arrive, but a similar fate overtook the one sent the following year, the ship being crushed in the ice and its crew forced to retreat on foot without having got in touch with the Greely party at all. There were at the time what seem to have been well-founded charges that officials at Washington were by no means so careful or active as they should have been in making sure that a vessel of some kind should reach the marooned commander and his men, whom everyone knew must by then be on the verge of starvation if not actually dead.

Lieutenant Greely and his companions were at work, however, toward their own rescue. Taking first a series of small boats that they had and such supplies as still were left after the second Winter in their original camp, they tried to retreat southward to civilization, or at least to make contact with Eskimo tribes. Before long some of the boats were damaged by ice pressure and the party continued on foot and by sledge. One cache of supplies left by a former expedition was found, but the supplies were gone. Finally, with the third Winter coming on, there was nothing for the party to do but to dig in with what supplies they had and wait for the third Summer and its hoped-for relief.

As Lieutenant Greely afterward stated, they had food for about six weeks and were compelled to make this last for nine months. Several rifles were available and some ammunition, so that hunters were able to shoot an occasional bird, seal or other animal. Seaweed raked up from the bottom through holes in the ice also became a prized article of diet, together with the thin gray lichens scraped from the occasional exposed rocks.

Tallow taken along in the medical stores to make ointments became the greatest edible delicacy. Spare clothing made of hides was chewed up and swallowed for food. One member of the party, detected in repeated thefts of food from others or from the common store, was shot by Lieutenant Greely's order for his crimes. Another member of the party, as he finally lay dying from starvation, confessed that he, too, had committed a crime against the common weal. He had eaten by himself one pair of his boots and a part of his pants, instead of turning them into the common food supply.

One by one the weaker members of the party or those who had been injured by frostbite, succumbed and were buried in the ice or in shallow graves scraped into bare but frozen soil. Bit by bit the strength of the survivors weakened. Finally, after a last 48 hours entirely without food, seven survivors huddled together under a partly blown down tent which was their only shelter and which none of them had strength enough to raise again, heard what sounded like the whistle of a steamboat. No one could walk but two of the strongest crawled to the top of a little hill to see whether the expected relief vessel had arrived. Nothing could be seen. The two scouts slid and rolled down hill again, deciding that the supposed distant whistle had been merely the mournful sound of wind blowing past holes in some empty oil tins that were lying outside.

Fortunately, they were wrong. It was a real whistle they had heard. Commander Schley with the relief ship was close at hand. The whistle had been blown to recall scouting parties after a note had been found in a cache a mile or so away, telling where the Greely party planned to spend the Winter. This probably saved the lives of Greely, Brainard and their surviving companions. None would have been left alive had the rescue party been delayed a day or two in finding them.

A small party of rescuers pushed ahead by boat, leaving the steamer to follow. A little before midnight on the day when the whistle had been heard and on what the seven survivors undoubtedly expected was to be their last day on earth, the camp was found and the survivors rescued. One man was so weakened by exposure and frostbite that he died before the expedition returned. The six others, including Greely and Brainard, came back safely to the United States.

Such an adventure would be expected to leave its mark for life on the men who experienced it, and perhaps it did. It may well be that the experience did strengthen and toughen the six survivors, both mentally and physically, so that their after lives were longer than they otherwise would have been. Or it may be that General Greely and the other five were destined by Nature for long lives and healthy old age, and that the hardships of the expedition merely removed its weaker members who would have died, in any event, before the stronger and naturally long-lived ones.

Certainly, those hardships did not shorten General Greely's life, nor do such events seem generally to shorten the lives of those who live through them. One of the most plausible, although still not perfectly certain, stories of extreme old age is that of Christian Jacobsen Drakenberg, a Norwegian sailor who is supposed to have lived to the age of 146, after having spent one ordinary lifetime at sea, another as a slave to Algerian and Turkish pirates and a third as a hale and hearty old man in Norway.

Even if this story is a confusion, as has been suggested, between two persons who used the same name, there seems to be no doubt that one of them was a slave for nearly a full lifetime and nevertheless lived for another ordinary lifetime afterward, so that capture by pirates and eventual slavery evidently did his long-lived nature no more harm than near starvation in the Arctic did to General Greely.

Town Lives In Terror Of Mad Poisoner

THE people of Pecs, a university town in Hungary, have stopped eating chickens and rabbits. They also promptly turn over to the police any packages that come through the mail from unknown sources, which contain patent medicine, candy, fruit or anything intended to be eaten. Furthermore, a number of them have put padlocks on their cupboards and pantries, so no one can tamper with their food supplies.

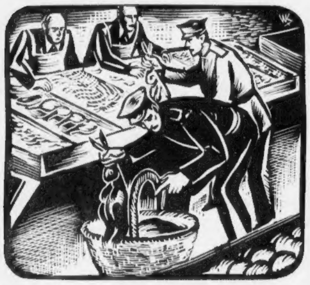
The reason for all of this is a recent series of mysterious happenings that have spread uneasiness, suspicion and finally a general feeling of terror throughout the entire community. It started one night not long ago when the somewhat breathless voice of a radio announcer broke into a musical program and said:

"Attention everybody! Two pounds of cyanide of potassium, a deadly poison, have been stolen from the laboratory of the Zoological Institute. The police are afraid the thief may be mentally unbalanced, and may be planning to commit murder on a wholesale scale. So everyone should be on guard. Above all else, warn your children not to accept anything to eat from strangers, and not to eat any candy, cake or anything else lying around."

A few days later, before the agitation over this announcement had died down, people were again aroused by newspaper reports of another theft from the same laboratory. Twelve rabbits, inoculated with diphtheria germs, had been stolen. Scientists who had been experimenting with these rabbits kept them locked in a cage. But during the night, someone had jimmied a window, broken open the cage and taken away the animals.

When this became known the people of Pecs lost their appetite for rabbits, and no one would have bought one, or eaten one, on a bet. Even so, the police placed a ban on the sale of rabbits, and daily inspected all markets. A number of rabbits that had been bought the morning the theft was discovered, but before the sale of them was stopped, were taken to the laboratory for examination. In the lot, were found three that were infected with diphtheria germs, and these were finally traced to the same market. But there the police lost the trail. The market owner said he had bought rabbits that morning from at least half a dozen persons, and he did not have the least idea who had sold him the infected ones.

All around the town and throughout the surrounding countryside, people began to suspect each other. Anyone who had the slightest reason to distrust a neighbor looked upon him askance. Children were kept indoors as much as possible, and everywhere there was muttering and an increasing atmosphere of tension.



The Police Placed a Ban on Rabbits, and Seized Many of Them from the Market Stalls. Sure Enough, Some of Them Were Found to Contain the Laboratory Germs.

Meanwhile, the police tried to run down the persons who had sold rabbits that morning to the market owner, but before they got very far with their investigation, another theft from the laboratory was reported. Five chickens inoculated with typhoid germs were missing, and immediately the sale of chickens was forbidden. This was a blow to the market men who dealt in game and poultry. Already they were losing money as a result of the ban of rabbits, so they naturally became excited. If this thing was allowed to go any further their business would be ruined.

The public, its anxiety finally breaking out into indignation, joined in with the cry of the market men. It was outrageous to think that the police could allow one person to keep a whole community in a state of turmoil and terror. Harassed by criticism on all sides, the chief of police announced, as is usual in such circumstances, that an arrest was due at any minute. But the truth of the matter was that he simply did not know which way to turn.

No one was more disturbed over the situation than the scientists themselves. They did everything they could to assist the police with the investigation, and it was these scientists and not the police who finally found an explanation for the mysterious thefts. They reasoned that whoever had broken into the laboratory must have known that the rabbits and chickens had been inoculated with germs. He must also have known that cyanide of potassium was a deadly poison, and where the institute kept its supply. In that case, the thief must have been familiar with what went on in the laboratory.

Having come to that conclusion, the scientists immediately thought of Michael Nagy, who had been employed at the laboratory for twenty-five years, first as an attendant and later as a caretaker, but who had been retired a short while before on a pension. He was said to be a queer man who took peculiar delight in seeing live animals being dissected—in their suffering when they were strapped down on the operating table. Someone reported he had once said he would like to see human beings cut open in the same way.

As soon as the police heard of this, they went to Nagy's home. But they were too late. He was gone, and no one knew where he had gone. Not a trace was found of the rabbits, chickens and poison, which the police are now convinced he must have stolen. A description of him has been sent throughout the country, and everywhere police are looking for him. But, granting that he did steal the rabbits and chickens, what did he mean to do with them, and where are they now? Did he take them with him? Did he kill them and bury them? Or did he set them free on the outskirts of Pecs, so they might spread the disease germs that were in their blood? Whatever may be the answer to these questions, the people of Pecs will probably eat no rabbits or chickens for quite a while.

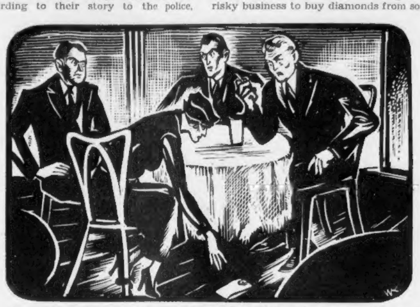
Fatal Folly Of Not Reading The Newspapers

THE LATE Andrew Carnegie remarked that the greatest bargain in the world was a good Sunday newspaper which only costs a few cents. Perhaps the most extravagant thing a person can do is to neglect to read newspapers. If the men and women, whose experiences are briefly told here, had been in the habit of keeping up with the news, they would have understood and could have escaped the traps which were being laid for them.

Kahman Kipp, proprietor of a delicatessen in Astoria, Long Island, and his wife were returning from a pleasant vacation spent abroad when on shipboard they met an affable stranger who said his name was Charles Balough. This Mr. Balough was such a good-natured, fun-loving companion the Kipps invited him to come to see them, and he did. After a jolly evening at their home, he suggested that they return the call, and made a date to take them out to dinner over in Newark, New Jersey, where he lived.

In Newark, according to their story to the police, Balough introduced them to a Mr. Joseph Miller, and the four went to a restaurant. Just as they were about to sit down, Mrs. Kipp's foot struck something, and looking down, she saw a wallet. When the wallet was opened, everyone around the table was astonished to see $200 in it. But it also had a card in it giving the name and address of the owner—so, of course, there was nothing to do but return it.

Now if Mr. and Mrs. Kipp had been reading newspapers they would have recognized this old familiar "lost wallet" trick right away. During the past three years, many stories have been printed about the arrest and trial of several organized gangs of swindlers who used this same trick as bait, to take in victims in various parts of the country. But Mr. and Mrs. Kipp had evidently been too busy with other things to do much newspaper reading.



Mr. and Mrs. Kip Were Tricked by the Old Lost Wallet Stunt. Mrs. Kip, on Being Seated, Struck Something With Her Foot. She Picked It Up. It Was a Purse Containing $200.

At any rate, from what they told the police, it appears that they innocently walked right into a trap. When they went with Mr. Balough and Mr. Miller to return the wallet, the owner was so grateful that he offered to make all four of them rich by giving them "sure-fire tips" on the races.

They were a little doubtful about this type of generosity, but decided to risk a small bet, since they were not asked to put up any money. The bet was telephoned to a booking-agent, and presently back came the joyful news that their horse had won, paying big odds. Encouraged by that, the Kipps made a larger bet, and were told they had won again. That settled it. They went in for an orgy of betting, putting up no cash, but being told each time that they had won and that their profits were piling up at the booking office. This went on until the total amount of the bets they had placed over the telephone came to $11,000, which was a mere drop in the bucket compared to their expected winnings.

Then there was a slight hitch. The agent at the other end of the telephone was represented to them as being perfectly willing to pay, but simply as a mere matter of business and to be fair all around, he had to have some assurance that the bets were genuine—that is, that the Kipps had $11,000, so they could have paid him if they had lost.

That was a lot of money, but Mr. Kipp was so eager to collect his winnings, he came back the next day with the $11,000. He told the police he gave this to the wallet owner, who went away to show it to the booking-agent and collect his winnings for him—but never came back. Later, he said, he was told that Miller had taken the liberty of betting $40,000 in his name and had lost it, wiping out his winnings and the $11,000 as well.

Time after time newpapers have printed stories about swindlers who stop persons on the street and offer to sell stolen or smuggled articles at a great sacrifice. But Mrs. Kate Schwedock, of Brooklyn, had apparently never read those particular stories. At any rate, she lingered to listen the other day when a man approached her and began telling her in broken English that he had just come off a ship with valuable diamonds in his possession.

At that point, she told the police, a man who said his name was Klener stepped up, and explaining that he understood Russian, offered to act as interpreter. If Mrs. Schwedock had been a regular newspaper reader, she ought to have known that right then was the time for her to back out. But she didn't. Instead, she let the two men go on home with her—for already she had been captivated by the idea of getting diamonds for a bargain.

After the diamonds had been shown her, in her apartment, she said that while they looked mighty pretty, she was really no judge of diamonds, and how could she tell that they were genuine?

It did not take much reasoning to know that it was a risky business to buy diamonds from someone she had never seen before. When she mentioned this point, she says that Mr. Klener agreed with her. After all, maybe the Russian was not telling the truth when he said he had just come from a ship, although his story seemed to be borne out by his uneasiness. In fact, when he saw that Mrs. Schwedock was hesitating, he suddenly became alarmed, as if he feared she might be thinking of calling the police or the customs authorities. He scooped up the diamonds, wrapped them up and stuffed them in his pocket. But just as he was about to leave he was persuaded to wait a bit longer, until Mrs. Schwedock had time to make up her mind.

Then, she told the police, Mr. Klener spoke up and said he knew a man who was a diamond expert, only they would have to be cautious, or this dealer might outbid her. She says Klener telephoned the supposed dealer, who came to her apartment and promptly offered $8,000 for the stones. But the Russian, whose English was getting steadily worse, did not seem to understand.

After getting rid of the dealer, she said that Klener suggested they buy the diamonds themselves for $3,500, which was what the Russian wanted. Then they could sell them to the dealer for $4,500 profit. She says she gave the Russian $1,000 and that he went away with Klener, who was to get $2,500 from his bank. As evidence of good faith, she was allowed to keep the diamonds. But when neither the Russian nor Klener returned, she took the diamonds to a jeweler, and discovered they were glass.

Another Brooklyn woman who would still have her life savings if she had been a regular newspaper reader is Mrs. Nicolina Zavino. At the meagre price of two cents a day every morning and ten cents on Sunday, she might have been prepared to resist the fantastic proposition that cost her $2,100.

One day she met a most agreeable young "professor" named Adamo Ferreri, who seemed to have more money than he knew what to do with. In these times, it is always interesting to learn how people manage to get hold of a lot of money. So, she told the police, she asked the professor about that, and he replied there was nothing to it at all—he had a marvelous money-making machine. The most generous man she had ever met in all her life, she says he even offered to lend it to her, and brought it to her apartment.

Overcome by her good fortune, she watched him make a package of her $2,100 and put it in his machine, which had wheels and bells and all kinds of gadgets. The next morning she opened the machine, expecting to find her money doubled, but there was nothing in it except a package of newspaper clippings—which seems to be a rather cruel joke on her, since she was not in the habit of reading newspapers.

College Dean Abducted By Fair Students, Enjoyed Adventure

THE middle-aged Dean of the Oklahoma College for Women, "kidnaped" by four lovely freshmen angling for a holiday described the experience as "delightful, and such charming company."

It was late afternoon. Students were in their dormitories. The buildings and campus were deserted save for Dean Howard Taylor poring over the records of the day.

Dean Taylor, a little man about 5 feet 3 inches in height, gazed at the few papers which littered his desk, and decided to call it a day. He put on his overcoat and gave a glance at his tie in the mirror which he kept concealed behind his closet door. He locked his office and blithely walked down the empty corridor of the administration building and out into the open air. He was going at a brisk pace down the fifty steps which grace the entrance to the building, when something punched him in the back. An alluring feminine voice said "Stick 'em up and walk toward that green car."

Now the Dean, loved by thousands of students for his excellent sense of humor, sensed the dramatic in the situation. He "stuck 'em up" and reached high. However, he ventured to guess the name of his fair abductor. "Marion," he said, and so her name was, "it is a mighty cool day to be reaching for the sky."

"Shut up and keep going."

As they approached the car, the door to the back seat swung open revealing two prominent members of the freshmen class and in the driver's seat sat another. The Dean was jerked into the back seat and Marion jumped in beside the driver. They whirled around the oval and out into the boulevard. They swerved from the main highway and took a narrow winding road and then stopped.

Marion, president of the freshmen and leader of the quartette, turned to the Dean and said:

"Dean Taylor, tomorrow is the most important date in the history of the freshman class, and no celebration is being planned by the officials of the college for it. We, as representatives of the class, have taken matters into our own hands and unless you sign this petition giving us a holiday, your physical comfort may be impaired."

The Dean read the petition, which tersely said:

"I hereby proclaim a holiday on Freshman Day."

The Dean then went into elaborate explanations to convince them that it was not in his power to grant holidays, but Marion was a hard abductor. She turned to the two girls, on each side of him and said:

"All right, gang, tie him up and remember, Dean, this is all for the cause of freshmen." The girls brought forth rope and a handkerchief to tie his wrists and gag him.

Afterwards the Dean admitted, "They never did quite get me gagged."

But tied he was when a few minutes later his abductors drove back to the college and led him before 400 massed freshmen. The kidnapping hadn't broken the Dean's spirit. He mounted a platform and cried. "Friends, rowdies and hoodlums, you have resorted to mob rule." And then he burst forth in merry laughter. "I should say disperse, ye rebels, but I won't."

The 400 dispersed anyway in honor of their favorite day. It is thought that on that November day a custom was established and hereafter on every Freshman Day, Dean Taylor probably will be kidnaped.

Can't Even Ask Court For A Divorce

THE only way LeRoy Knapp can ever get a divorce recognizable in Pennsylvania or get himself a new bride is to cross either the Atlantic or Pacific Ocean and never return to the shores of the United States or Mexico.

For Judge Albert S. C. Millar in Court of Common Pleas No. 3 in Philadelphia has issued an injunction without any precedent in this country which makes it inevitable that LeRoy Knapp stay married indefinitely in his home state as long as his present wife is alive.

The injunction states that LeRoy Knapp is enjoined from "instituting or prosecuting any action in divorce against the complainant in any other court of the United States of America or the Republic of Mexico;" it also enjoins him from marriage in the United States of America or the Republic of Mexico and thus protects his wife from losing her husband.

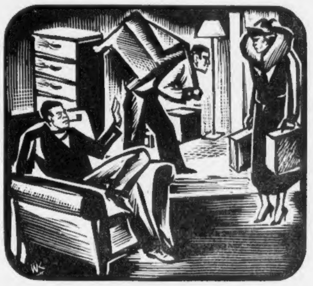
The case of the LeRoy Knapps which brought forth this unusual court decision began some twenty years ago when they were married in Philadelphia. Up till 1929 the Knapps lived together peacefully; they had two children, a boy and a girl, and their lives were all calm and unperturbed.

Then, suddenly, in 1929, LeRoy Knapp, it is charged, began to pick on his ex-school-teacher wife, Elizabeth. He began to scold her, it is said, for being extravagant; he began to complain that living expenses were too high. Mrs. Knapp suggested moving to cheaper living quarters, but as soon as she had found a house and was ready to move, her husband, who was and is now an employe of the Carnegie Steel Company, declared, she alleged, that he was not moving with her.

Mrs. Elizabeth Knapp was shocked by this announcement of her husband; the Knapp children were unable to understand their until then loyal and seemingly devoted father. Later LeRoy Knapp instituted divorce proceedings against his wife in Philadelphia, charging desertion.

Mrs. Elizabeth Knapp was distraught; she engaged as her counsel Samuel Tabbey who told LeRoy Knapp that his wife intended to fight the suit. Whereupon Knapp withdrew his plea for divorce.

After that, Knapp is alleged to have shown his reluctance to live with his family in a strange way. He went to Pittsburgh. Knapp, it was claimed did not visit his family. Instead he set himself up a bachelor establishment in Pittsburgh, and he was scrupulous about seeing that the family received support. In fact, he sent checks regularly to his wife and children. This provided him plenty of time for meditation, and it seems that at last he had figured out his plans.



Mrs. Knapp Made All the Arrangements to Move Into Cheaper Quarters. And Then Knapp, She Charges, Flatly Refused to Leave the House.

In April, 1935, Knapp filed suit for divorce in Pittsburgh and Mrs. Knapp was served in Philadelphia. She and her attorney and her sister and her children and several friends all went out to Pittsburgh to fight the divorce which Knapp claimed he deserved on the grounds that he had been deserted by his wife.

The charge that the wife had been the deserter came as a surprise. Mrs. Knapp could not understand how Mr. Knapp figured that. All the time he had been in Pittsburgh, where he went voluntarily, she pointed out, she had remained at their original home, and the fact that she was there all the time was attested by her endorsement of the checks which Knapp sent regularly.

Samuel Tabbey, Mrs. Knapp's attorney, showed that it was Mr. Knapp who had been guilty of all the deserting; Judge Elder W. Marshall, before whom the case was tried, agreed with the defense and threw the case out of court for lack of sufficient evidence on the side of Mr. Knapp.

But Knapp was not satisfied. He was and is a man who likes to get whatever he wants. And this defeat angered him so that he went to his wife Elizabeth and shouted: "I will drag you through every State in the Union, even down to Mexico, if necessary, to fight you and get my divorce."

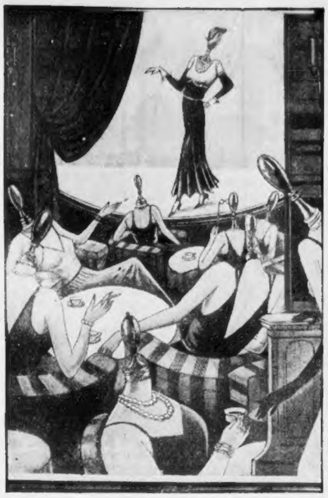
Mrs. Knapp told her lawyer of her husband's threat. She told her lawyer that she could not possibly fight her husband in every State of the Union, first, because it meant so much expense and she had not too much money, and second, because the publicity attached to so many court trials would be very wearing on her nerves and also on her children.

Tabbey went to court and then Judge Millar, before whom the case was heard, called Mrs. Knapp to him and heard the story from her lips. There was no precedent for him to follow in all the law books but Judge Millar considered that LeRoy Knapp was so determined to divorce his wife that he would fix him in such a way that the woman would no longer be bothered.

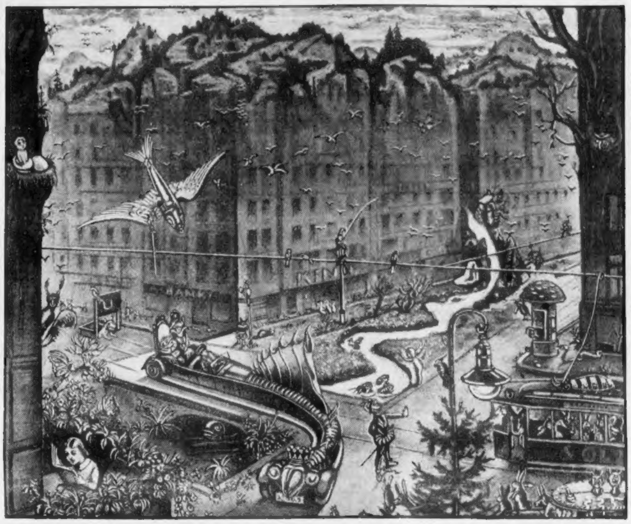
He issued an injunction forbidding Knapp from instituting divorce proceedings in any State of the union or in the Republic of Mexico and he at the same time forbade his getting married. There is one loophole left for Knapp and though it is entirely a hopeless one, Judge Millar did leave it.

The only way Judge Millar will allow Knapp to get a divorce is if he goes back to court in Pittsburgh and files a divorce there all over again on new grounds. The only way he can get those new grounds of desertion is if he is reunited with his wife Elizabeth, lives with her a while, then has her desert him in such a way that the court will believe him. Since all his efforts in this direction have been entirely fruitless, and since Elizabeth Knapp is unwilling to give him a divorce, the injunction really ties Knapp up for life, or, at least, until the death of his present wife Elizabeth.

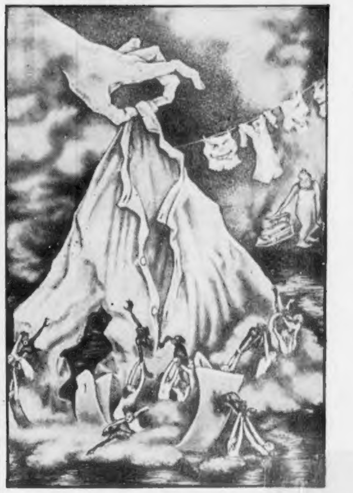
Fantastic Social Cartoons



Impressions Received of a Fashionable Dressmaker's Tea. By Charles Girod.



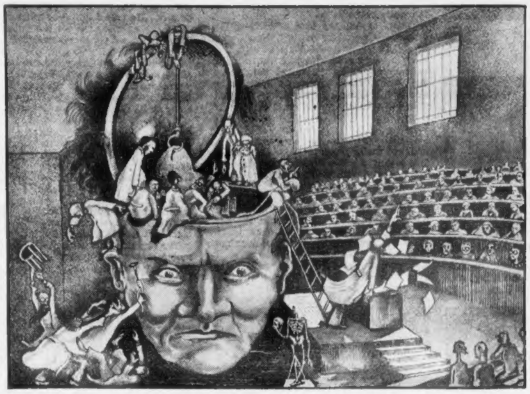
The City Child Reading Fairy Tales Sees the Streets Filled With Fairy Princes, Dragons and Creatures of the Stories.



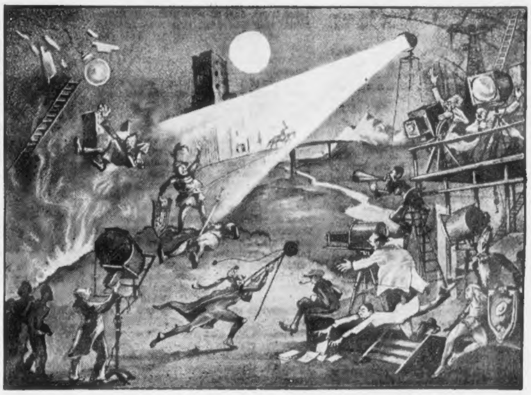
The Eternal Fight Between Cleanliness and Dirtiness, the Happiness of the Clean Showing by the Smiling Faces on the Clothesline.

THE reader can see at a glance that these are foreign pictures—they are fantastic social cartoons made by various European artists. In this country the cartoon of everyday life is usually based on stereotyped forms of humor and does not make such a strong appeal to the imagination and eye as these pictures.

The foreign cartoonist does not always try to be funny. He sees romance, tragedy, pathos in the ordinary situations of life and treats them from many points of view besides the humorous. A couple of common lovers is not necessarily a butt for humor. The foreign artist's fancy takes many novel and surprising turns in these pictures. Sometimes he is fantastic almost to the point of insanity; but even this may be interesting and stimulating.



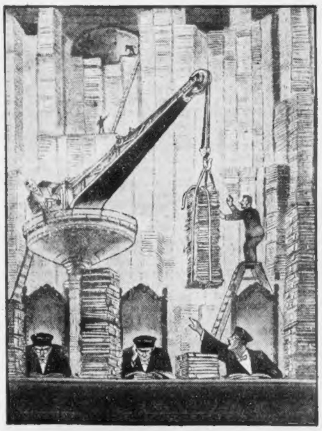
Psychoanalysts and Specialists Exploring a Patient for Mental Diseases, Disputing Whether the Subject Is Insane or Not.



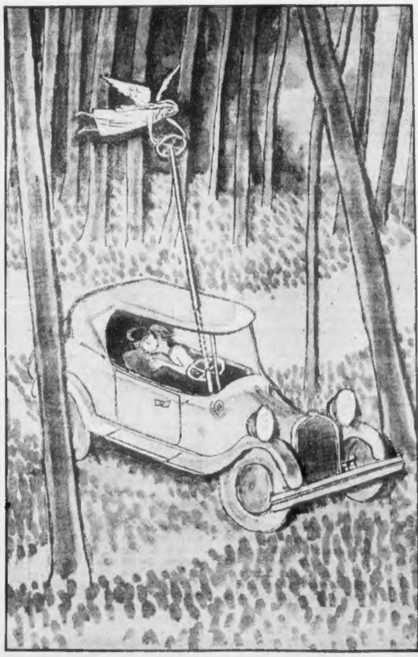
The "Shooting" of an Ultra-Romantic Film, the Vanquished Warrior Refusing to Die in the Right Spot.

What could be more exciting than the picture of the psychiatrists, doctors who treat mental diseases, disputing whether a patient is sane or not? The chief doctor is lecturing frantically to a gathering of students in a medical theatre about the sufferer in question, having hurled his notes about him in his excitement.

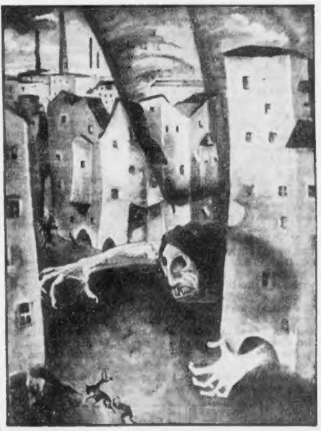
Behind him is an imaginary head representing the patient in question, who appears to be of good mental development though naturally worried. The leading psychiatrists have lifted up his brainpan and are peering into it without any regard for courtesy or humanity. Of course, this man is not really alive, but the impression is given that this is the way they would treat him if he were.



In the Trial of a Great Modern Lawsuit, the Artist Imagines a Derrick Is Needed to Handle the Legal Documents and Books of Reference.



A Guardian Angel Takes the Wheel of the Auto When Lovers Forget Everything but Their Happiness.



A Strikingly Original and Fantastic Conception of "A Bad Conscience," by the 15-Year-Old Painter, Miss Roswitha Bitterlich, of Innsbruck, Austria.

Some of the psychiatrists are fighting one another with stethoscopes, chairs and various professional instruments. In the corner is a small group of persons with odd-looking faces, whose mental condition is under medical consideration and who are already alarmed about the doctors' methods. It is believed that this cartoon is remotely based on a fight over a medical question which recently occurred in a Vienna medical college, and it may be applicable to America.

• "Shooting a film" is a very stimulating treatment of a familiar subject. The scene to be filmed represents the height of medieval romance, while the technical experts who are "shooting" it are ultra-modern. There is a frowning castle on a mountain, a solitary horseman crossing a mountain stream, and a plumed warrior in the foreground who has just killed his enemy, who lies bathed in gore. But the conqueror has not killed his man in the right place or the victim has not died on the right spot, and the photographic experts are yelling wildly to them to perform the tragedy over again.

Another film expert, in trousers, is falling off the castle battlement, where he had no business to be, and seems about to perish in the flames. A plumed knight, quitting the ancient realm to which he belongs, is hastening wildly to place a portable microphone where it is needed. Something violent and incongruous is happening in every corner of this strange picture.

It is interesting to think that such fantastic scenes may occur in producing the artistic and poetic scenes of romantic ages that are sometimes applauded.

No more lively play of the fancy could be imagined than the picture entitled "The City Child Who Reads Fairy Tales." As the little girl pores over her book, the great street becomes filled with the creatures of fairyland—Puss-in-Boots, Jack the Giant-killer, the dragon, the raven, the prince who was changed into a frog, and so forth. A wolf is coming out of the subway, a dragon motorcar is making a right turn, and a trolley car is loaded with the talking animals of fable.

It is not every little girl who has the imagination to see the creatures of fairyland alive like this. How many American children would imagine the streets of their city filled with such fantastic beings?

Everybody knows many children who hate to be washed, and yet on every side we come upon people who struggle under great difficulties to keep clean. So the artist, Rudolf Ranz, of Vienna, has imagined that there is "An Eternal Fight Between Clean and Dirty." It is filled with odd conceptions of the warfare between the clean and the dirty. Fair white figures are here and there striving to drag repulsive black figures into the water. The battle rages around a white shirt held up by the fingers of a spectral laundress. A goblin nude woman holds a flatiron in her hand. Does she love or hate cleanliness?

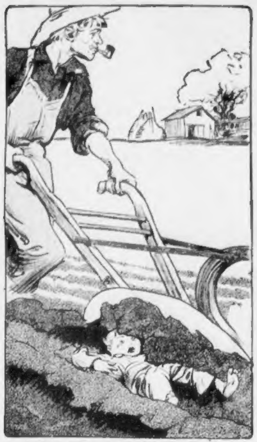
But the oddest touch is found in the articles of underwear on the clothesline, in which can be discerned smiling faces symbolizing the happiness that comes from cleanliness. It would be hard to find a more fanciful work of the imagination than this picture.

A tea at a fashionable dressmaker's establishment, the audience composed partly of society women and partly of dress experts, with mannequins displaying the latest creations on the stage, is a bizarre affair. The artist has imagined the gathering wearing beautiful dresses, but having wooden humps in place of heads.

The sweet thought that a guardian angel steers the cars of young lovers is expressed by one artist. Wrapped in one another's arms the lovers have forgotten the wheel and wandered off the road into a wood, but the angel up in the air above has miraculous control of the wheel and steers them safely between the trees, where ordinary people not in love might have perished.

An amusing aspect of super-civilized life is presented by the picture called "A Modern Lawsuit Begins." The volumes of documents in the case are piled up mountains high and a huge derrick is needed to sling them on to the judges' desk.

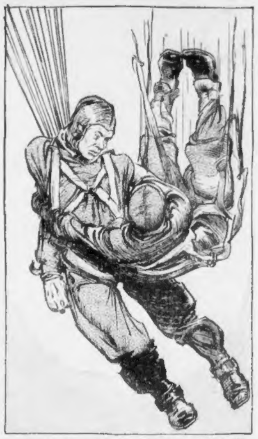
One of the most powerful of these pictures is called "A Bad Conscience." It is a painting by Miss Roswitha Bitterlich, a 15-year-old artist of Innsbruck, Austria, who has already done remarkable work. Most people believe they are born with a conscience that teaches them to distinguish between right and wrong. It is a popular expression to say one has "A Bad Conscience" when one is conscious of having done wrong. Miss Bitterlich has personified this idea in her picture of a repulsive specter stretching out its talons over the wretched conscious sinners of a great city.



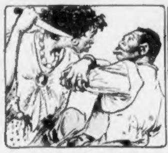
In Iowa a Farmer Plowed His Sleeping Three-Year-Old Son Under One of His Furrows.

The Queerest Accidents of 1935

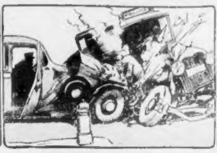
Odd Twists of Fate by Which a Noted Doctor Was Killed by Germs Tossed Into Her Eyes by a Guinea Pig, a Parachutist's Life Was Saved by a "Hitch-Hike" in Mid-Air, a Farmer Plowed His Sleeping Baby Under, and a Man's First Bath Killed Him



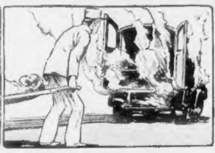
In Russia an Aviator's Parachute Failed Him, but in Falling He Struck Another, Clung to Him and Was Saved.



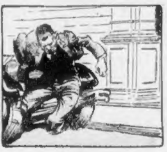
In Tennessee a Colored Man Was Stabbed by His Lady Friend.



The Ambulance Carrying Him Was Wrecked by an Auto.



The Ambulance Coming to Take the Other's Place Caught Fire.



Discharged From the Hospital, Another Auto Hit and Killed Him.

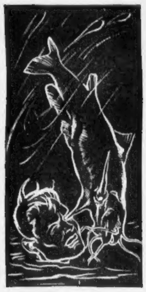
CONTINUING its custom of printing the most unusual accidents of the past year, The American Weekly presents today those of 1935.

Two of the most curious accidents concerned the eyes of doctors. Dr. Anna M. Pabst, a bacteriologist with the U. S. Public Health Service in Washington, was trying to work out an improved method for testing anti-meningitis serum. Shortly before the end of the year she was injecting meningitis germs into the head of a guinea pig. The prick of the hypodermic needle made the animal jerk out of her hands, causing some of the germs to squirt into her eye. The germs quickly traveled to her brain, giving her meningitis, and eight days later she was dead—another martyr to science.

A little girl of Helsingfors, Finland, had swallowed a nail. The house surgeon in the Viborg Hospital was about to operate. Before beginning, he took a last look down the child's throat. Suddenly she coughed. The nail shot out, penetrated the surgeon's eye and blinded him.

Marceill Zorn, of Falls City, Nebraska, was laughing at the antics of her baby sister who was playing with a stove bolt. The baby threw the bolt straight down Marceill's throat. It lodged in the windpipe and it took a surgical operation to get it out.

The hard luck sequence record for 1935 is claimed for James Beasom, a colored citizen of Summit, Tenn., whose first misfortune was to be stabbed in a friendly argument with his colored lady friend. Somebody called an ambulance, which started with James for the hospital. On the way the ambulance collided with another automobile and both were wrecked. A second ambulance started out to rescue the survivors, but caught fire on the way. Finally, a third ambulance got James safely to the hospital, where the souvenir of his lady friend's affection was sewed up and he was discharged with no serious damage. He started to walk back home and was struck by a passing automobile and instantly killed.



A Bather in Texas Was Struck in the Eye by a Catfish and Died.

Runner-up for this record of successive hard luck probably is Nathan Brown, a farmer in Carroll County, Georgia. Working one July day on his farm a bee stung him. The sting was painful and Nathan started to the house to get some ammonia or other material for first aid. Just before he reached the house he stepped on a snake, which promptly bit him. Now thoroughly alarmed, he hurried to the nearest town to get attention from a doctor. On the way he was bitten by a bulldog. The doctor got three jobs on the same patient: cauterizing the dog bite, injecting anti-venom for the snake bite and putting something on the bee sting.

Another combined accident that was aired in a Los Angeles court last June started with the fact that a street car conductor had a pet corn. A not especially airy lady got on the car and stepped on the conductor's corn. Not unnaturally, he jumped. This unsettled the lady's footing, so that she fell off the car, sued the company for damages and got a court verdict for $2,500. It would have paid the company to fix the conductor's corn.

Another combination of what looked like murder and sudden death was described by the physician who arrived to clear it up, Dr. Howard C. Gale of Beverly, Massachusetts. Called hurriedly by a frightened voice on the telephone to the house of one of his patients, he found the mother of the family unconscious and apparently dying. One daughter also was unconscious. The second daughter was in convulsions. Even the pet bird was dead in its cage in the kitchen. No one else was in the house. It looked like some violent and mysterious poison, but Dr. Gale could find no sign of any.

Finally, under his ministrations, the victims revived and the mystery was explained. The only real casualty was the pet bird. It had dropped dead, presumably from bird apoplexy, while the mother was alone with it in the kitchen. Shocked by this sudden fatality, the mother rushed into the room where were the two daughters, crying incoherently some such word as "dead" or "dying," and promptly fainted. The one daughter, believing that it was her mother who was dying, also fainted. The other daughter kept her senses only long enough to call the doctor.

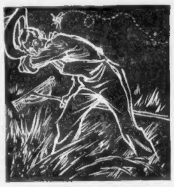
Another chapter of shocks and accidents was recorded in September in Glasgow, in Scotland. A small girl saw a man drop dead on the street. She said that he was her uncle and police went at once to the uncle's house to notify the family. The wife went with the police and the little girl, her niece, to view the body and agreed that it was her husband. Sorrowfully, she returned home to prepare the other children for the shock of learning that their father had died. Opening the door of her bedroom, she saw the supposedly dead husband asleep in bed. Imagining him a ghost, she screamed and rushed from the house to the next door neighbor's. The scream aroused her sleeping husband, who rushed after her. Seeing what seemed to be two maniacs approaching, one in his night clothes, the next door neighbor slammed the door and sent for the police. Meanwhile husband and wife both fainted on the doorstep.

With the arrival of the police, explanations began and it was presently determined that the dead man was not the uncle at all, but was another man previously quite unknown to the family, but who was the almost perfect double of the astonished uncle.

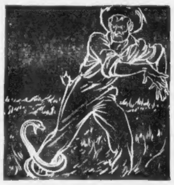
In one of The American Weekly's previous annual reports of strange accidents, mention was made of a man in Philadelphia who on a bet bit down on an explosive torpedo like those used to make noise on the Fourth of July. The result was a serious injury, including loss of part of his jaw. One of the strangest features of the accident record of 1935 is that this same unusual accident happened no less than three separate times: to a man in Kansas City, to one in Atlanta and to one in Arkansas. None was the result of betting foolishness but all were real accidents. All three men reported that they had mistaken the explosive torpedo for a piece of candy. One victim perhaps was guilty of contributory carelessness, since he was carrying both torpedoes and gum-drops loose in the same pocket of his coat and happened to slip the wrong one into his mouth.

Firemen at a fire are not a surprising sight, but a fireman on fire is something else. Inhabitants of Peoria, Illinois, were treated to this sight last January, when a fireman named Joe Turner slid down the brass pole in the fire house to help answer an alarm. Friction set fire to matches in his shirt and burned him so that he let go of the pole and fell to the floor, breaking both legs.

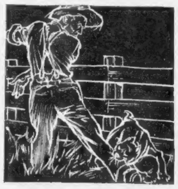
In a Brooklyn, New York, public school only a few weeks ago, a boy pupil squirming around in his seat set himself on fire in the same way. The teacher was equal to the emergency. She spanked the blazing youngster severely in the proper spot, which was where the fire had started in a hip pocket and extinguished the blaze.



A Georgia Farmer Was Stung by a Bee While Working in a Field.



Running to the House to Put Something On the Sting, a Snake Bit Him.



Running to the Doctor for Snake-Bite Treatment, a Dog Bit Him.

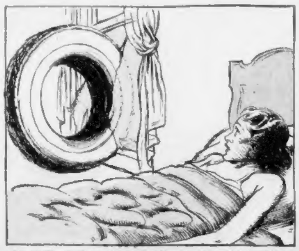
The year seems to have piled up an unusual variety of accidents involving animals, aside from the ordinary run of bee stings causing auto wrecks, of dog bites, of encounters with skunks and similar incidents of common varieties.

Incidentally, one of the year's events was that a skunk at Princeton College, New Jersey, bit a student, apparently the first time in years that this particular accident has been recorded and never before at any college. This gives Princeton a new record.

Among other animal accidents, there were two dogs that shot human beings, one in Tracy, Minnesota, and one in Sultan, Washington. In the latter instance, the dog was a vicious one that grabbed a pistol with which a man was trying to shoot it and accidentally shot the man instead.

What is still more remarkable, two hunters were shot by rabbits which the hunters had gone out to shoot, one in France and one near the City of Mexico. In both instances the guns were leaning against something when the rabbits jumped on them and discharged them.

An even stranger instance of turning the tables between hunter and hunted was the experience last June of Captain Manuel Chalor, of Otten's Harbor, New Jersey. Captain Chalor was in a small dory at sea fishing for bluefish. Suddenly there was a great commotion in the water and a fifteen-foot man-eating shark leaped into the boat with him. Before the fish could be beaten off and driven back into the sea by other members of the crew of the near-by trawler, Captain Chalor suffered a badly lacerated arm.



An "Ailing" Massachusetts Woman Was Made Worse by an Automobile Tire Being Hurled Through Her Second-Story Window.

Less serious in its consequences was the experience of Herman Strutter, of Perry, New York, who woke up one morning last February to discover that a beaver had broken into his sleeping porch and had gnawed off half of one of Mr. Strutter's legs. It was less serious because it happened to be a wooden leg.

In Budapest, Hungary, a manufacturer of baby carriages recently conceived what he thought a marvelous idea for publicity: He bought a stork and installed it in a nest on top of his factory, where it naturally attracted much attention. Unfortunately, however, the local organization for prevention of cruelty to animals got the idea that the stork might be chained fast or otherwise unhappy and made a complaint to the magistrates. A constable was sent to investigate and decided to climb up on a ladder and see for himself. Still more unfortunately, the stork had other ideas and attacked the constable viciously, throwing him off and breaking his neck. Now the constable is suing the manufacturer for damages, on the ground that the stork was his hired "agent" for whose acts the manufacturer is legally responsible.

Hero of another bird adventure, this time an American one, is a New Jersey pheasant, which succeeded all by itself in stopping one of the fastest and heaviest railway trains in the world, running on the Pennsylvania Railroad. Whether by accident or design, the six-pound pheasant charged into the plate-glass window of the train running at full speed through Penn Valley, near Trenton. The glass broke, the pheasant came on through and knocked the engineer out of his seat. Electric trains on the Pennsylvania system are equipped with the famous "dead-man's handle," which automatically stops the train if the hand of the engineer is taken off for a second. Thus the six pounds of pheasant brought to a sudden emergency stop some 900 tons of speeding train. What happened to the pheasant does not seem to have been recorded.

Of all stories of unusual accidents to animals recorded during the year the record probably belongs to the rat that was caught by an oyster. Mr. J. A. Witherington, of Smith Creek, North Carolina, brought home some fresh oysters and put them on the kitchen floor while he got a knife to open them. Returning he found a large rat running frenziedly around with its tail held fast in the grip of the oyster. Evidently the oyster had opened its shell a trifle, the rat's tail had got in and the oyster promptly clamped down on it.

A peculiar aviation accident which might easily have been fatal was reported from Southend, in England. A parachutist had climbed out on the wing of an airplane to make a parachute leap. The wind caught his necktie and wrapped it around his throat and around a strut of the airplane. The result was that the parachutist was strangled and became unconscious. Observing what had happened, the pilot let go of his controls, reached out with a knife and cut the necktie. He then dragged the unconscious parachutist into the airplane and held him there with one hand while he landed the airplane with the other.

Still luckier was a Russian parachute jumper at Moscow last July. His parachute was caught in the airplane as he leaped and tore away. He had no reserve parachute and fell rapidly toward the earth. On the way down, however, he had the unbelievable luck to strike against another parachutist making a descent at the same time. The falling man "hitch-hiked" on to this life preserver so tightly that both men stuck together. The one parachute, however, was too small to carry down both men at a safe speed. The man who had the parachute also had a reserve parachute on his back but could not reach it because the other man's arms were clutching his so tightly that he could not use them. Finally, the pair managed to readjust their grips on each other so that one of them could reach the rip cord of the reserve parachute. Less than 500 feet above the ground, it opened and they landed safely.

Another example of good luck after an accident is recorded of James Costa, a Boston, Mass., sailor, who was washed off his ship last January by one wave and promptly washed back aboard again by the next wave.

Three-year-old Hugh Scully, of New York City, had a similar experience when he was practicing the dangerous game of jumping up and down on a mattress in front of a window. He fell out of the window and in some mysterious manner fell into another window two stories beow, saving his life although with considerable injuries.

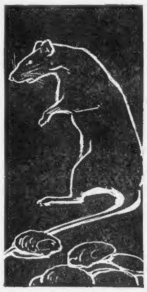
Equally lucky was Tony Antunes, also of New York City, who was buried by a cave-in of tons of dirt while a steam shovel was standing by. The steam shovel operator went after Tony so successfully that he was uncovered in a few minutes, without even tearing his clothing.

Automobile accidents have become so common nowadays that it takes an unusual one indeed to become remarkable, but certainly the experience of Mrs. Nellie T. Sullivan, of Malden, Mass., was in this class. Lying sick abed in the second story of her home, she was astonished to have an automobile tire, with rim, burst in the window and come to rest beside her bed. It had come off an automobile passing on the street, jumped into the air from the curbstone, run along a porch roof and finally through the screen and glass of Mrs. Sullivan's window.

To prove that the old fashioned occupation of farming is not exempt from peculiar accidents, there is the case of Farmer Henry Spear of Moulton, Iowa, who planted his own son. Last July Mr. Spear was plowing while his three-year-old son toddled along behind him in the furrow. Presently the youngster got tired and lay down in the furrow to rest. His father came along in the next furrow, did not notice the baby and plowed him under a furrow-width of dirt. He was frightened but unhurt.

The year's variant on the "didn't know it was loaded" story which accounts for so many fatalities happened in a Spanish law court, where a man being tried for unlawful possession of firearms protested that the pistol of which he stood accused was an heirloom that had not been fired for years and could not be. Dramatically, he dared the opposing attorney to fire it at his heart. The attorney did not quite do this but did point the pistol at the ceiling and pull the trigger. The weapon instantly exploded with an enormous noise and considerable surprise to judge and everybody, proving that even firearms kept as heirlooms are never too old to be dangerous.

Two unusual suits resulted during the year from accidents. In a Florida case, the owner and driver of an automobile was held guilty of wrecking a railway train and killing the fireman. The automobile had side-swiped the engine and bounced off it against a railway switch. The switch was opened, wrecking the train. The Florida Supreme Court awarded damages to the fireman's widow, against the motorist.



As a Queer Animal Accident, in North Carolina an Oyster Caught a Rat.

The other suit was in Copenhagen, Denmark, and involved 600 broken eggs. A child drew on the pavement with chalk a life-size portrait of the present Prime Minister of Denmark. Presently the egg owner came along, taking his eggs to market in his farm cart. The horse spied the portrait on the pavement and shied, breaking all the eggs. Now the farmer is suing the father of the girl pavement artist.

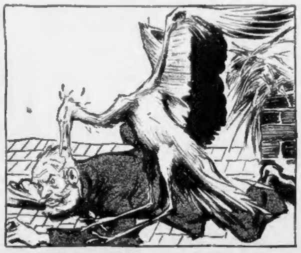
Last March just before the first performance in New York City of the ballet "Errante," performed by the American Ballet in the manner of the famous Russian Ballet, somebody's dog chewed up the entire conductor's score of the ballet music. There was no time to get or make another score. The conductor of the orchestra, Sandow Harmati, had to conduct as best he could without a score and from memory, making him distinctly the hero of the evening.

Perhaps the year's most remarkable fatality was the death of Herman Eichelberger of Waco, Texas, who was struck in the eye by the fin of a catfish as he stood neck-deep in the water of the Brazos River. The fin penetrated his brain and he never recovered consciousness.

Equally fatal, although more mysteriously so, was the experience of an unknown vagrant, picked up by the police of London, England, last October and sent by them to a hospital. At the hospital, attendants prepared for the routine procedure of giving the new patient a bath. He protested. "I never had a bath," he said. "Don't give me one or I'll die." They paid no attention, gave him the bath, and he did die, presumably either from fright or from the power of a fixed idea.

Another strange accident that was fatal occurred to Anna Frances Glazer, ten-year-old, in New York City. Last July, Anna was cooling off with other children in front of an open fire hydrant. It was Anna's turn to run in front of the stream of water, and laughing and screaming, she darted forward. But at that moment someone turned on the hydrant full force. The water struck her like a battering ram, knocking her down and sweeping her under the wheels of a passing truck, which crushed her to death.

But perhaps the most unlucky man of the year, although society was the gainer by his hard luck, was an Arkansas thief, who stole, among other things, an alarm clock. A few minutes later, while the unsuspected thief was passing a policeman, the alarm went off. The officer got suspicious and arrested him, whereupon all his thievery was discovered.



In Hungary a Stork Flung a Man Off the Roof, Severely Injuring Him After a Fierce Battle.

Surprising End of a Perfect Friendship

When Fashionable Mrs. Fleitmann Ran Into Neighbor Stafford's House in Anger and a Negligee That Night She Did Not Know She Was Running Into a $1,000,000 Heart Balm Suit—And Now Its Settlement Marks the Final Chapter of an Unusual Matrimonial Mix-Up

Photo HAL PHYFE

Margaret Stafford Metaxa, Daughter of the Staffords, Who Was Killed in an Automobile Accident in Which Her Husband, the Night Club Singer, Was Injured.

Photo BACHRACH

The Former Mrs. Robert K. Stafford, Who Sued Her ex-Friend, Mrs. Fleitmann, for $1,000,000, Charging She Stole Her Husband's Heart.

Photos INT'L

The Former Mrs. Alice Fleitmann, Whose Dispute With Mrs. Stafford Definitely Broke Up What Was Left of the Sextette.

The Former Mrs. Harmon Denny Pierce, Whose Divorce Was the First Split in the Happy Family of the "Southampton Sextette."

Mr. William Fleitmann With His Former Wife in the Happy Days Before the "Sextette's" Finish.

MILLION-DOLLAR alienation-of-affections suits do not happen every day, and when one is quietly dropped it is almost as interesting as when one is started.

This recently happened in the suit for that huge sum, which the fashionable Mrs. Robert K. Stafford, of New York and Southampton, L. I., brought again her former friend, the equally fashionable Mrs. William Fleitmann. The dropping of the suit marks the final chapter of what was long known as "a perfect friendship" among three young and socially prominent couples.

What financial settlement, if any, was made does not appear on the records, and it is denied that any was made, but it seems reasonable that Mrs. Stafford should have gotten something, because Mrs. Fleitmann certainly got Mr. Stafford, whom she married last August.

Three high-society couples, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Harmon Denny Pierce, Mr. and Mrs. William Fleitmann and Mr. and Mrs. Robert K. Stafford, were always seen together at the fashionable Long Island colony, exuberant but always well behaved, without a thought of jealousy or a breath of scandal. "Healthy, wealthy and wise," they were held up as evidence that it is possible to be rich, handsome, beautiful, more or less idle, and yet just as respectably-married as anyone else. So close were they that they were known everywhere as the "Southampton Sextette." The splendid spectacle lasted many years, but when it went it fell into utter ruin. The first shock came when the Pierces separated.

Mrs. Pierce obtained a Reno divorce and immediately married Barclay Warburton, Jr., who, in turn, had been divorced by Rosamond Lancaster Warburton as a necessary preliminary to her becoming Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, 2nd.

The divorce infection spread from the broken-up Pierce home at Southampton to those of their two best friends with far more unhappy results. The gayest, happiest and perhaps most attractive of the three couples had been the Fleitmanns. Young Bill, having inherited a large fortune and leisure from his father, the late William M. Fleitmann, very wealthy dry goods merchant, had nothing to do but spend it on his lovely and lively wife. He found this such an agreeable occupation that it is said Mr. Fleitmann's face carried a smile even in sleep.

One day Bill suddenly stopped smiling and said things to his idolized wife which caused her to run, just as she was, clothed only in a filmy negligee, anger and indignation, out of the Fleitmann mansion to the home of the Staffords. There she received an abundance of sympathy, mostly from Mr. Stafford. Thence she went to her mother, Mrs. George D. Terry, in New York City, where she slowly prepared an expeditionary Reno wardrobe of dude ranch costumes. But it was not necessary. Whatever Fleitmann's unkind charges may have been, he seems never to have taken them back, but in a few months he died. This was just as Mrs. Fleitmann had arrived in Nevada.

Alice Fleitmann also had a winning smile. Mrs. Stafford says that the "merry widow" spread her sunshine on Mr. Stafford, who exhibited strange symptoms which she did not understand at first. Before the depression he had been deriving an income of $50,000 a year from his own real estate business. This would be hardly enough for living up to the style of their set, but Mrs. Stafford had property of her own, so that together they managed well enough.

During the depression anyone who wanted his business to survive knew he had to neglect golf, wife and everything else and almost live in his office. Mrs. Stafford says that Robert neglected her and everything in her vicinity as conscientiously as any one could imagine—but that he also neglected his business with equal thoroughness, until presently he had none at all and was looking for a job. To make things worse, the depression swallowed up her own fortune.

But they still had their love, supposedly, and their health. Since just then it was fashionable to be broke, they might have lived happily in some gate-keeper's lodge, but just then Mrs. Stafford says she discovered that her husband had been spending all his time and energy on her former good friend, Alice Fleitmann. The revelation sent her straight into a sanitarium, with "mental and physical breakdown." She was now no longer healthy nor wealthy, but at least she was wise to Alice, according to her separation and alimony suit against her husband, in which she complains that during the time she was ill and away from home, she discovered that her husband was "continuously in the company of Mrs. Alice Fleitmann attending speakeasies and other places." And also that he visited her only at rare intervals. But what annoyed her most, she says, was that one day when he came to see her and her sister-in-law, a Mrs. Schall, was present, he "kept calling my sister-in-law 'Alice' (Mrs. Fleitmann), and this greatly upset me."

Mr. Stafford's friends point out, in his defense, that this annoying misapplication of her rival's name indicated his innocence.

Mrs. Stafford apparently meant to convey that her former friend, Mrs. Fleitmann, was so much on her husband's mind at the time that involuntarily her first name arose to his lips even when the woman he was talking to was not she. It is a queer quirk of the mind, like talking in one's sleep.

But also Mr. Stafford, she intimated, was a poor actor, whose face registers wrong emotions. For she continued in her complaint:

"When I was told, in the presence of my husband, that I was able to go home, he seemed extremely shocked. In the middle of July, 1933, when my brother, Harold Schall, asked Mr. Stafford to make plans for my home-coming, he seemed very annoyed, and the only place that my brother could get in touch with him was at Mrs. Fleitmann's.

"After I returned home, and on or about September 15, 1933, my husband left me, and only returned to the apartment about a week later to get his clothing. He told me that he was going to Southampton, where he could relax with Mrs. Fleitmann."

After listing an assortment of other alleged cruelties which she thinks were deliberately intended to aggravate her nervous condition, Mrs. Stafford says:

"On or about September 4, 1933, the defendant accompanied our daughter Margaret, who has since died, to Greenwich and witnessed her marriage to a night club singer named Georges Metaxa. He gave his consent to the marriage of my daughter, who was not of age. I knew nothing of the matter until the marriage had been consummated. (Mrs. Metaxa was killed in an automobile accident in which her husband was injured.)

"During the entire time that my husband has failed to provide for me, he has constantly been seen in Southampton, in the most exclusive night clubs and restaurants in the City of New York. During the same time he has told me that he has been unable to provide for me. He spent the past Summer in Southampton where Mrs. Fleitmann also lives. Last Winter he occupied the house at 12 East 77th Street, formerly occupied by the late Reginald Vanderbilt.

"The defendant, his brother, John W. Stafford, and his mother, Mrs. Murphey, own properties in and around Park Avenue, valued in excess of a million dollars. I am informed that during my illness the defendant went through bankruptcy, but this does not seem to have caused him to neglect the constant entertaining of Mrs. Alice Fleitmann, spending the Summer at Southampton and attendance at all the best places.

"I am informed that at present he is employed at one of the largest real estate concerns in the City of New York. I am penniless and without means or training to earn a livelihood. I require medical care and attention. I therefore ask this Court to grant me temporary alimony in such a sum as the Court deems fair and adequate. I also ask that my attorney, Thomas A. McGrath, be given a counsel fee that is fair and adequate."

But Mr. Stafford came back with such an effective set of answers that his wife was awarded only $10 a week temporary alimony and $100 counsel fees.

Besides denying all cruelty, infidelity or other wrongdoing, he revealed the secret of living in a Vanderbilt mansion, eating, drinking and being merry at the usual fashionable places, though pressed for funds. If he went to any expensive place it was because somebody invited him, he explained.

As for living in a Vanderbilt mansion, that was because he could not afford to live elsewhere, even in the cheapest boarding houses. The house had belonged to the late Reggie Vanderbilt, but a terrific mortgage had been placed on the property. Afterwards the bankers, who were finally stuck with the house through foreclosure, had gotten Mr. Stafford to live in it free, as a sort of socially-elite caretaker, he said.

Mrs. Stafford had intimated in her complaint that her husband's words and deeds seemed calculated to aggravate her nervous condition. There is even the suggestion that they might drive her crazy. Mr. Stafford's answer carried the idea further and threw it back at her. Through his attorney, Robert E. McLear, he answered:

"III. That the plaintiff has not the legal capacity to sue. That heretofore and on or about the 16th day of October, 1933, in a proceeding duly instituted upon petition of plaintiff's brother for that purpose in the Court of Probate for the District of Hartford, State of Connecticut, the plaintiff was duly adjudged by said court to be an insane person, and pursuant to the decree of said court the plaintiff was ordered committed to the Hartford Retreat, where she is now confined as an insane person."

If there had been any doubt of the unhappy Mrs. Stafford's mental distress, this sort of defense might well have settled it. However, it seems to have been somewhat as in amnesia, where one shock causes and another sometimes cures it. In the second Dempsey-Tunney fight, it is said that Dempsey knocked Tunney cold, but before Gene had time to drop, Jack clipped him again, knocking enough sense back into his head so he was able to rise at the end of the long count.

A similar thing seems to have happened to Mrs. Stafford. Instead of collapsing, she was cured, and came rushing out of that Hartford Retreat with a two-fisted attack. But it was not against her husband this time, because there seemed no chance of getting money from him. She let go a million-dollar alienation-of-affections suit against the smiling lady whom she blamed for all her misfortunes.

Mr. Stafford's income having been $50,000 a year before the depression, that million dollars at five per cent would exactly make that amount good to her every year, without charging for his personal services and affection as a husband. Alice, extremely well-off, financially, denied that there had been anything but the most purely platonic relations and thoughts between her and Robert.

New York and Southampton society sat back to await the result of the love theft suit, certain that nothing else that could happen to this particular group could startle anyone.

But this complacent attitude went by the boards when newspaper headlines announced that the vivacious Mrs. Fleitmann and Robert Stafford had been united at a fashionable wedding in Southampton. The big question was "How?" So far as anyone knew, Robert still had a legal and active wife in Margaret Stafford.

Once again Park Avenue drawing rooms buzzed with comment. So far as Mrs. Fleitmann and her new husband were concerned, the buzzing might have gone on indefinitely, for they issued no statement to explain the apparently unusual situation. Nor did Mrs. Margaret Stafford have anything to say publicly about the marriage, her separation suit or her million-dollar love suit.

Then it came out. Something had changed the status of the case and changed Mrs. Margaret Stafford's ideas about the matter of divorce and heart balm.

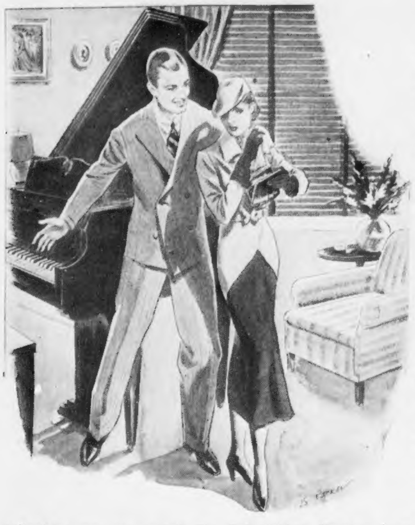
It was revealed that Margaret had dropped her unprofitable separation suit in New York to get a quiet, quick Reno divorce, which does not have much more standing in the New York courts than a counterfeit dollar bill, unless both parties appear. In this case, everything was in order.

On the strength of the Reno decree, Mrs. Fleitmann and Mr. Stafford decided that they were not so platonic minded as they had supposed, and married. Thus only one happy couple of the original sextette remains, and it was formed of its wreckage.

Clothes Make the Lady

by Gerald Weir

An Amusing Story of a Poor Little Rich Girl With Some Trials and Tribulations of the Bargain Counter Thrown In. A Short Story Complete in This Issue.



"'Explain,' you—you brute!" She Half Sobbed, Turning Away From Harry. "You tricked me—you made a fool of me. Why couldn't you leave me alone?"

THE APPLICANT was severely dressed in spite of her fair and well-kept hair, her nicely modeled head, her neatly chiseled profile and her eyes, bright gray and arresting behind the emphasis of her lashes.

The personnel manager noted this that is, the plainness of her garb with evident approval. The girl wore a blue coat-suit with starched cuffs and collar. The personnel manager was very severe herself, in a plump way, very brittle and businesslike. Her name was Miss Hatchett, and all the girls at Starnes Brothers' called her "Lady Meat-Axe."

"Very well, Celia, you may consider yourself engaged, at fourteen dollars a week," said Miss Hatchett. "You will be expected, of course, to pay dues of two dollars a month to the Mutual Welfare Association."

"Oh, yeah?" said Celia.

Miss Hatchett looked at her disapprovingly, but went on without changing her tone. "Yes. The Mutual Welfare supports the employes' library, buys additional equipment at times for the gymnasium and the recreation rooms, pays sick benefits and gives entertainments from time to time in order to raise funds for such causes."

"Oh, yeah?" repeated Celia a bit monotonously.

"Oh, yes," snappeI Miss Hatchett. "That is the tenth or twelfth time, Miss Moore that you have said 'Oh, yeah' to me. Now, get this we don't encourage the use of slang by our salesladies."

"Oh, ye—" but Celia changed it quickly to "Oh, yes'm," and added with dignity, "I get you, Miss Hatchett."

The personnel manager was mollified. "Very well. If you wish to start work today, as you suggest, you may wait outside. You will be assigned to a department."

Celia was assigned to the ladies' ready-to-wear in the Bargain Basement. It was customary at Starnes Brothers' to start new girls here, for by contact with the rougher and readier customers of the lower levels they could learn immediately off the bat, as Miss Hatchett might have put it, that the customer is always right. It was in the Bargain Basement that the hour sales and the cut-rate rushes were staged, and if a girl were inclined to lose her temper in dealing with customers she would lose it there very promptly. Then she would be fired, in token of the ancient truth about the immortal rightness of the buyer. If she survived the School of Fire in the Bargain Basement, a girl might find herself being graduated slowly upwards through the more sedate floors, perhaps to the pinnacle, which was the fur department on the top floor.

Starnes' was 'way down near Twentieth Street, and did not aspire to the Park Avenue trade and Fifth Avenue price levels. But it was a department store in the fullest sense, even possessing a liquor license. True, there was only one Eastern mink in the fur department, a sort of museum piece used to awe customers with its $5,000 price tag, and make them relieved and thankful when they purchased a thirty-five dollar metamorphosed rabbit.

Celia did well enough in the ladies' ready-to-wear. She bit her lip frequently but did not unleash her temper. Some of the girls sneered at her the first two days because she made too frequent use of the occasional chairs provided for overcome customers, but she did this only between bargain rushes and the head of the department censured her only mildly.

"The first hundred years are hardest on the legs, kid," said a salesperson known as Blanche. "You'll soon get your calves knotted into shape so they won't notice what's pressing down on them."

"Oh, yeah?" said Celia.

"Yeah. It's good for the shape, too. That's why all us girls are so beautiful and slim—that and the fact that we don't have time for breakfast and don't have money for lunch."

"You're telling me?"

"Listen," said Blanche. "All you say is 'Oh, yeah,' and 'You're telling me.' Why don't you tune in on a new station once in a while? Learn some new cracks—be up-to-date. Read Don Derrick's column in 'The Flash,' why don't you? Do you want people to think you're from Albany? Where are you from, anyway?"

"I was born up at Hunt's Pernt Road."

"Oh, yeah? Well, that's better than Green Pernt."

"You're telling me?"

"I giff up," said Blanche. "I can't take it."

At lunch in the employes' cafteria, where Celia obtained a hot roast beef sandwich for fifteen cents, she wielded her fork pensively while Blanche and another girl named Marge discussed Don Derrick's column in "The Morning Flash." Marge had been reading excerpts from it aloud.

"Can you beat that!" Blanche exclaimed. "Disappeared, has she? Does Derrick think it's another kidnaping?"

"No. He thinks it's man trouble. Listen to this." Marge read with smacking lips: "'What Park Avenue debbie has been fretting the Missing Persons Bureau and Harry Kirkwood for the past four days? Harry has private dicks scouring the country for her, offers $5,000 reward for 'information leading to'—but her people tell the coppers there's nothing to it—she's just gone off to visit relatives, so what? In the haunts of the haut monde they're saying she has given Harry the go-by because all her money has been losten, by this and that broker and trustee, and she refuseth to marry Harry for his money. Maybe they had a scrappie, hey?'"

"It don't make sensible," said Blanche, chewing. "She loses her dough—she musta had a lot of it, the way Derrick talks—so she gets sore at her Big Thought, who has enough to buy out Rockefeller Center and make it over into pigeon-houses. So what?"

"So she's gone. Annie doesn't live there any more. Wonder who she is? Maybe she's Doris Duke—the richest girl in the world—"

"Nerts," contributed Blanche. "She ain't disappeared, or lost her money, either. Her pitcher was in 'The Journal' last night. And, anyway, Doris is married."

"Five thousand bucks if you find her," whistled Marge. "But, cripes, how can anybody find her if they don't know who she is?"

"They can call up Harry Kirkwood, simple, and ask him, can't they?"

Marge hailed a man across the room: "Hey, William J. Burns, haul an ear over here, willya? Got something to tell you."

The person addressed was a stoutish man with an artificially jovial face compressed into narrow oval confines. He winked at Marge, finished his coffee and came over at a drawling gait, as if he did not wish to concede too much importance to the girl's summons.

"Well, baby, what's got you all hot and bothered?" he inquired with a grin.

"Sit down, Commissioner, and I'll tell you how to get rich quick. All you got to do is to divide with me and Blanche thirty-three, thirty-three—and, oh, yeah—this is Celia Moore, the new blonde hope of the ladies' ready-to-wear. Celia, Mr. Gus Booker, head of the Intelligence Division. He snoops around the store trying to find somebody who's intelligent, but he don't never—do you, Gus?"

"Don't let 'em kid you, Celia," said Gus cheerfully. "I'm just the store dick specializing in cannons—that's pickpockets—and shoplifters."

"Well, this is five grand you can pickpocket easy, on the side," said Marge. "All you got to do is watch the fur department till this missing heiress—here, read what Don Derrick says about her in 'The Flash'—comes in to buy that five grand mink decoy upstairs."

"Yeah—hot chance for a Park Avenue swell to drift in here," Blanche sniffed, as the store detective read the item amusedly. "Besides, this missing job has lost all her dough, so what's she gonna be wanting with a mink?"

Gus Booker chuckled. "Thanks for the tip, girls. But if the dame has gone out of town to visit relatives, and her folks know where she is, it don't look like any 'disappearance' to me. It just looks like she's trying to shake this Harry Kirkwood. Besides, I got a job in Starnes Brothers'—if anybody should ask you."

"Just like a man, isn't it," put in Celia, "to keep plaguing a girl after she's tried to tell him in a nice way that she isn't interested?"

"A lot you know about men," observed Marge. "The department head is all set to invite you out to dinner, and you won't give him half a come-on."

"Oh, yeah?" Celia answered.

Blanche groaned. "You're telling her?" she croaked.

"So long, babies," said Gus Booker. "Lemme know if you see that missing heiress in the linoleum department."

In the days that followed, the papers had somewhat more to say about Harry Kirkwood's vanished fiancee. Her name came out Phyllis Demaranville, heiress to the chemical fortune of the late Victor Demaranville, which was more or less in solution now—that is to say, liquidated. The estate had magically shrunk, and now had all but disappeared. Phylis had lived with her aunt, Mrs. Gertrude Perryman, at a Park Avenue address, but she did not live there any more. Her aunt told reporters there was "nothing to" the disgraceful hubbub about her departure. She was simply out of town on a visit, and it was nobody's business where she was. Try as they might the reporters could not beg, borrow or steal a good photograph of her. One paper had an indefinite sort of snapshot of her, taken at Bailey's Beach, Newport—but it might have been anybody who was comely and shapely.

The messages from Harry Kirkwood continued to appear in the "Personal" columns of the newspapers. "Phyllis—come home, all is forgiven—Harry,"—one of them ran; but others were more pleading than facetious. One said:

"I'll give all my money to charity if you'll only come back to me. Money shouldn't keep us apart."

It was not signed, but the shrewd columnists knew Harry had paid for it, and said so in their columns.

The nine-day wonder of Phyllis' disappearance gradually dwindled in newsprint importance, and no longer furnished the main topic of luncheon conversation for Blanche and Marge in the store cafeteria. Celia Moore said she was glad they had found other things to talk about. After all, it seemed, she was not much of an authority on men and love affairs.

Celia, meanwhile, was coming up in the world more rapidly than was her due, said Blanche and Marge. It had just happened that a young woman who had taken a fancy to Celia was by way of becoming one of the best customers of the ladies' ready-to-wear. She was a dark-haired person, who spoke with a French lisp. She came in and made several purchases and the next day she returned, and asked for Celia expressly. "Ze young lady who was so nize to me yesterday," she said.

She made heavier purchases this time. She wanted things outside the ladies' ready-to-wear department—shoes, for instance—and specified that Celia must wait on her.

"But that is rather—er—irregular," said the head of the department when this request was appealed to him.

"Zen I can go—elsewhere," pouted the French girl.

"Oh, no, no, no—it can be arranged, just as you wish."

The French girl, who said her name was Eugenie Desargue and her address Greenwich Village, discovered that Celia was exactly her size, so she used Celia not only as a model for the frocks she bought, but as someone who could stand for fittings and alterations in her place.

"It save me so much trouble," she said. "I have not ze time to try sings on."

When the best dresses that Starnes Brothers' afforded proved to be not quite good enough for her, she demanded to speak to the general manager of the store.

"You will send out for bettaire ones for me—yes? I do not care if zey are more expensive."

Within a space of two weeks she had purchased an entire wardrobe of Starnes Brothers—shoes, stockings, underthings, dresses of every description, tea gowns, dinner gowns, sports apparel, hats.

But the real sensation of her advent did not break until, ascending higher and higher in the Starnes establishment to its mercantile zenith, the fur department, she caused Celia to try on many fur coats and at length decided she would have nothing but the lone, aloof, five-thousand-dollar Eastern Mink.

Mr. Strehben, the general manager, was swiftly apprised of this, and it proved to be the greatest shock he had had since the old store burned, in 1924.

Mlle. Eugenie Desargue did not have five thousand dollars with her, but she paid a deposit of two hundred dollars and ordered certain alterations made in the coat. Mr. Strehben learned, after excited inquiries, that she had paid cash for all her other purchases.

"We must have a credit report on her," he whispered agitatedly to the head of the fur department. "We must know something about her before we alter that coat."

"Then we'll ask her—"

"No, you won't ask her! What do you want to do—drive away the best customer we ever had?"

"No, sir—but you said—"

"I said we had to know something about her—yes—not to offend her asking credit questions."

"Then the credit department—"

"Never mind—I'll handle this."

Mr. Strehben cut the Gordian knot by having Mr. Gus Booker, head of the Intelligence Department of Starnes Brothers, follow Mlle. Desargue home.

Mlle. Desargue did not go to Greenwich Village. She went to an address on Park Avenue in the Fifties. And there, Mr. Booker learned by discreet cultivation of doormen and elevator men, Mlle. Desargue had once lived as the personal maid of Miss Henrietta Chedney, of the Park Avenue, Newport, Aiken and Palm Beach Chedneys. Further information Mr. Booker promised to get in time, but he warned that it would be ticklish business.

Mr. Strehben at once demanded the presence in his office of Miss Celia Moore, of the ladies' ready-to-wear and points higher.

After a sputtering preface he said:

"Now, Miss Moore—this young lady who has been spending money like water around here, and now wants to buy a five thousand dollar fur coat, turns out to be a ladies' maid—"

"I had suspected as much," said Celia archly.

"You did, eh? Well, why didn't you say something about it? What's the idea? Where does a ladies' maid get the money to buy all these things? Suppose she's buying them for somebody she works for?"

Celia looked a little puzzled, then smiled. "That's exactly what I was beginning to think, Mr. Strehben. If she really buys and pays for that coat—I'll know it."

"Why should she do a thing like that—to save money for her employer?"

"Why not? You know as well as I, Mr. Strehben, that the very same garment we sell here for thirty dollars will sell for ninety dollars up on Fifth or Madison. People who buy up there have to help pay the rent for the 'swank' places. Park Avenue people can't 'afford' to come 'way down here to Twentieth Street to shop—but they can send their maids."

"Say!" exclaimed the manager. "You've got too much sense to be working in the Bargain Basement. You know something about merchandising. How'd you like to come up in the cloak-and-suit, on the third floor?"

"I'd love it—especially if—"

"Right. There's more money in it. Especially if you've got ideas. What this store wants is ideas—business-building ideas. This maid coming in here gives me a hunch. If she's been sent down here to buy clothes for Park Avenue swells like Miss Henrietta Chedney—"

"Chedney!" cried Celia, her fingers smothering a gape of amazement.

"Yes—why—what about her—you know her?"

Celia recovered her composure and now was smiling brightly.

"Oh, I just know of her. Very wealthy people, the Chedneys—I was just surprised—Is this her maid, Mlle. Desargue?"

"Hm, that's our dope—that she used to be her maid. But, anyhow, here's the thing that strikes me: if we can sell things to Miss Chedney's maid for Miss Chedney, why can't we sell things to a lot of maids for a lot of rich people? Why can't we get a list of maids and go after 'em—cultivate 'em? There's a maids' and butlers' ball uptown somewhere every year—all the Four Hundred get their names in the papers as patronesses. We could easily get a list—"

"Oh, Mr. Strehben!" Celia interrupted. "I've got still another idea. If Park Avenue can't come to us, we can go to Park Avenue—they don't even have to send their maids."

"How do you mean—mail order?" asked Mr. Strehben, totally unimpressed.

"What this French girl said about me being just her size gives me an idea. She must be just Miss Chedney's size—we're all three 'perfect thirty-fours', I suppose. Now why don't we find out from the maids—all the maids we can get in touch with—what their employers' sizes are? See what I mean?

"Well?" Mr. Strehben encouraged, uncertainly.

"Well, then we'll get models just the right sizes—to make personal calls. We have a frock we think a certain debutante ought to have—or a fur coat—and does she have to go to a store for trials and fittings? Mercy, no. The frock comes right to her home, on an attractive model—and it's just exactly her size—'created' for her, really—and does she buy!"

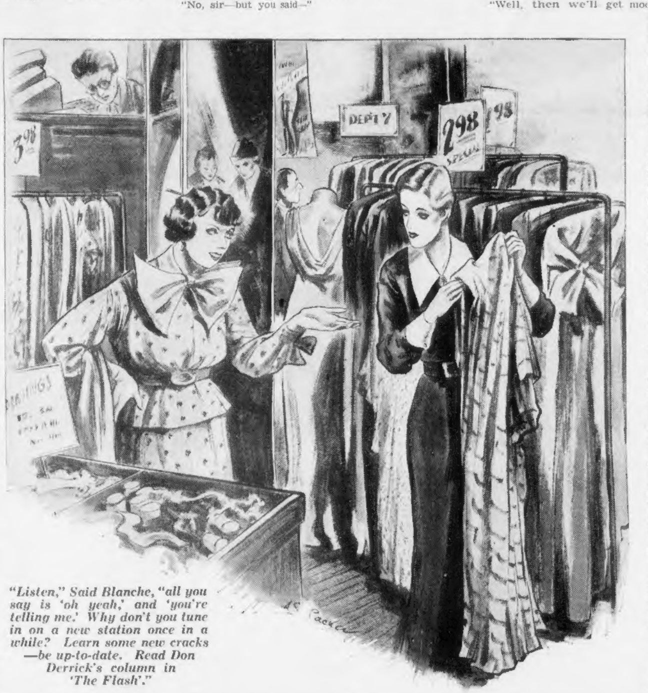
Mr. Strehben gave his desk a resounding whack and half rose from his chair, his face red with fervor. "Now I know you're too good for the Bargain Basement—you're too good for the cloak-and-suit. We're going to adopt this scheme, and you're going to be our first model—you can call on Miss Henrietta Chedney—you're just her size, apparently."

"Oh, no," gasped Celia in dismay. "I couldn't possibly—"

"But why—why couldn't you?"

"Oh, why, because—because," she added quickly, "we've already sold Miss Chedney a complete wardrobe, practically, through her maid—so we'd be wasting time, don't you see, to call on her? What we'd want to do would be to get somebody else, another model. I'd like to work this plan up for you—I'd be busy getting the names, and all. You could just give me a copy of the Social Register to work from—"

"Right," said Mr. Strehben, beaming. "This is your idea, and you'll be the one to put it in execution. We'd have to have office work, a manager, somebody to head the department. Right—you're too smart to be a model."



"Listen," Said Blanche, "all you say is 'oh yeah,' and 'you're telling me.' Why don't you tune in on a new station once in a while? Learn some new cracks—be up-to-date. Read Don Derrick's column in 'The Flash'."

The telephone interrupted with a call from the fur department. The overwrought manager wanted to tell Mr. Strehben that Mlle. Eugenie Desargue had returned to claim her mink coat, and she desired the presence of Miss Celia Moore for a final fitting. She had the money with her to pay for the coat four thousand eight hundred dollars cash.

Mr. Strehben half-incoherent himself, hustled Celia off to the fur department to close that history-making sale. He told Celia she must allow the girl a discount—discreetly, of course—as a sort of commission for bringing this notable business to Starnes Brothers.

"But don't let on that you know she's a maid—understand? Just say that in view of her other extensive purchases, and a dip in the price of raw furs today, we are enabled to knock off two percent—that'll give her a hundred dollars, and she deserves it."

Celia gave the French girl a searching look of appraisal this time, but said nothing about the store detective's discovery.

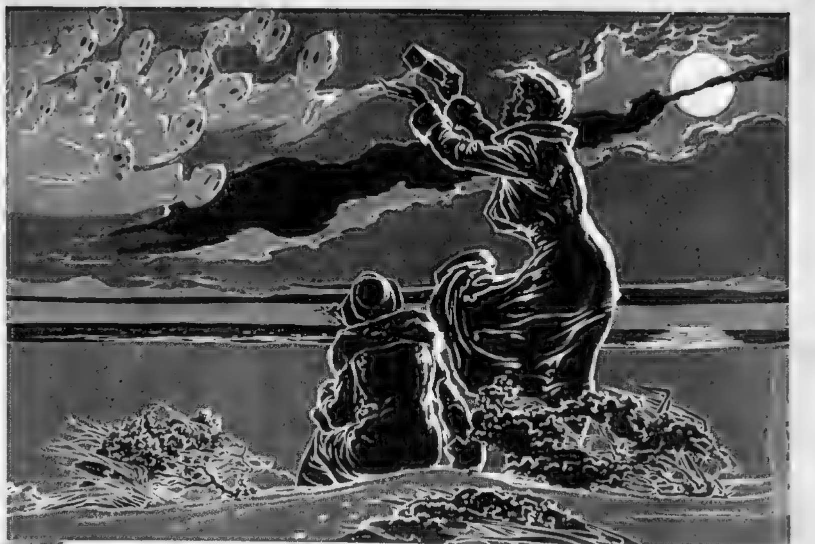
Mademoiselle was only mildly pleased with the hundred dollar discount. "Zat is very kind of you," she said coolly but courteously.

Before she had gone, the department manager had sought to warn Gus Booker that she was in the store and was available to be followed again if he wished, but the

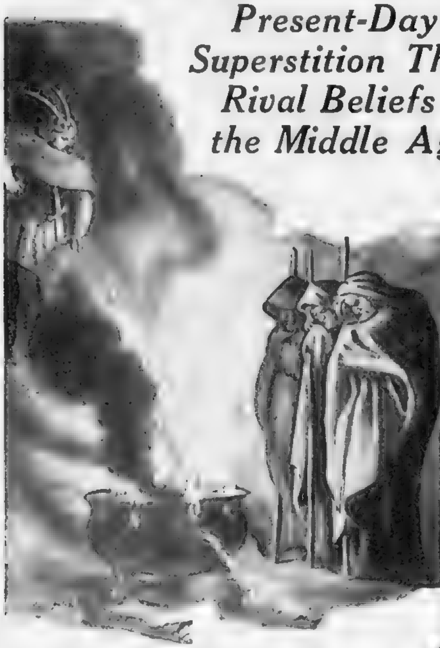
(Continued on Page 18)

Modern Witches

"Dust of Murderer's Bones" to Compel Love and Get Rid of Troublesome Husbands, and Other Revelations of Present-Day Superstition That Rival Beliefs of the Middle Ages



Out Upon the Desolate Airplane Field at Night, Miss Ambrosia Said She Was Taken While Mrs. Rubin Held the "Dust of Murderer's Bones and Blood" Up to Be Blown Away by the Wind—Thus Summoning His Spook and Kindred Spectres to Aid Her Client's Love Affair—But Marie Is Still Unmarried.



The Three Witches of Shakespeare's "Macbeth" Clustered Around the Magic Cauldron on the Desolate Heath.

Miss Ambrosia, Face Turned Away, in the Court, and Beside Her Mrs. Rubin, Whom She Had Accused of Swindling Her Out of $1,600 by Selling Her "Magic."

Marie Crescenzo, Who Was Sent to Prison for Swindling Josephine Alfano Out of Her Savings by Promising to "Bewitch" Her Sweetheart Into Marrying Her.

Albert Shinsky, Pennsylvania Mountain Youth, Who Admitted He Had Killed Old Susan Mummey Because She Brought a Spirit Down From the Sky and "Bewitched" Him

"THE DUST of the bones and the [illegible] who has killed himself is expensive because it is hard even for doctors to get it. So I had to pay $500 more for the real, undiluted stuff, but it didn't do any good because my boy-friend still didn't want to marry me."

In these words Marie Ambrosia, an up-to-date woman, thirty years old, with a public school education, told Assistant District Attorney William Rappel, of Brooklyn, N. Y., how the modern witch works.

Like a tale from the dark ages was her story of paying $1,600, her savings and all she could borrow, to "Doctor" Ida Rubin to buy magic that did not work. With her were Christina Tortora, thirty-two, and Mrs Rose Davis, twenty-five, of the same factory, who had also invested heavily in black magic with the same person, they said, and with equally unsatisfactory results.

Marie said that she first heard of the alleged witch in a beauty parlor where a woman handed her a card and told her how wonderful she was. Marie argued that she had been told that magic was bunk but the woman had replied:

"What's the matter with your eyes? Look around and you will see fat, homely, disagreeable women with rich attentive husbands. How do you suppose they caught them if it wasn't by magic?"

Marie could not think of any natural explanation but she did not use the card for some time. Just then she was getting along nicely, using the ordinary cosmetic and coiffure charms of a modern girl. But after a while she realized that these charms were not quite potent enough to draw the young man to the altar—worse than that he showed signs of losing interest. Something radical ought to be done, and it was then that she remembered the card of the lady "doctor" who had been represented to her as having the power to make rich men marry homely women and like it.

So Marie says she went to see Mrs. Rubin. Miss Ambrosia told the District Attorney that she found the so-called doctor in an appropriately "dark and scary room" and that she used three different methods. There was "scientific psychology," which was cheap, spiritualism which cost more and magic which ran into still more money because the materials were rare and costly.

On hearing all about the [illegible]'s [illegible]arital procrastination, Marie says Mrs. Rubin offered to cure it for a nominal fee, if the laggard at love could be brought to her office, where she would practice psychology on him. Marie did not care for the idea. She thought it would be a great mistake to let him know that they were working on him.

Well, if the client felt that way about it, she must realize that to give the man absent treatment without his knowledge, called for magic, which, as had already been explained, was a bit costly, in fact this demonstration would be $100 in advance. Miss Ambrosia says she gave her $40 on account, paying the rest in ten-dollar instalments.

Then she told the District Attorney, the doctor handed her a pill-box full of greyish-white powder, which she said, according to Miss Ambrosia, was the product of grinding up parts of certain important bones of a dead man. She was to drop a small pinch of it on her friend's shoulder when they met which should bring the desired results within a reasonable time. She also said she was given a "charm bag" to be worn around her neck. This contained a paper with Hebrew writing on it. In addition, she was handed an old quarter-dollar and a card telling her where she could borrow money.

Miss Ambrosia told Mr. Rappel that after she began using the "magic" sometimes her boy-friend seemed better disposed to her, but at other times was worse than ever. She could not see that his behavior was averaging any better than before she started the expensive powdering.

Returning to complain, Marie says that the "doctor" told her that her boy-friend had proved unexpectedly stubborn and that now she would have to keep up the treatment or he would leave her forever. On the strength of this new fear, she bought several more boxes of powder at reduced rates. Finally, according to her story to Mr. Rappel, Mrs Rubin discovered what was the matter. The young man's family was employing another magician to use counter magic.

This called for extra special magic and would cost another $100. The powder to be used on this occasion had been made from the bones and dried blood of a murderer who had committed suicide. So the price she must understand had to be high.

Then, she says, Mrs. Rubin took her out to Bennett aviation field for the supreme test. It was a dark and windy night and clouds were scudding across the face of the moon making the whole world seem strange. The occasional zooming of an airplane high overhead and the blinking of beacons made the scene all the more mysterious.

And now, Marie says, Mrs Rubin informed her that this time she was going to combine the two mighty forces of magic and spiritualism. Marie shivered. She wanted to turn and run, but she was very much in love and had invested quite a lot of money in that love.

Far down the field from the hangars, at a spot where they would not be seen, Marie says Mrs Rubin began the mystic rites that would surely get her married this time. The wind whipped their skirts about their ankles, and the clouds skimming before the moon sent strange shadows all around them. It did not take much imagination to fill the air and the night with tortured spirits. In the distance a locomotive shrieked, and that made Marie's heart leap into her throat.

As described by Marie, Mrs. Rubin then took a box of powder and explained that when this had been scattered by the wind, the murderer's ghost would rise from the grave. No peace would come to him until he had done what Mrs. Rubin commanded. Flying through the air, this murderer's ghost would call to his aid all the other ghosts who happened to be abroad that night, and, the way Marie saw it, there must be plenty of them. With this unearthly compan[illegible] under his c[illegible]mand, nothi[illegible] could resist h[illegible]. In a short while he would find Marie's sweetheart and would hound him and make h[illegible] so unhappy a[illegible] nervous the young man would return to her and beg her to marry him.

"She put the powder into her hand," Marie said, "and held it up and out so the wind would blow it away."

Like a ghost, the powder flew away into the [illegible] Marie hurried home, her teeth cl[illegible]ing. But, alas, absolutely nothing happened and when she called to complain, she says that Mrs. Rubin, who doesn't look like a witch, but is a very smart-looking woman of thirty-five, received her with a gloomy nod and the words:

"Yes, I know, they cheated us."

"Who, the ghosts?"

"No, the people that sold the blood and bone powder. There was some real stuff in it, but cut way down, like whisky, during prohibition."

However, now they could get the real unadulterated stuff from a doctor, but it would cost $500. Marie had no more money and says that Mrs. Rubin told her to borrow it from the boy friend. This, Miss Ambrosia thought, might be as impossible as marrying him, but he let her have it. The ceremony was repeated with the same negative results.

At this point Marie says she was re[illegible] ghosts, witches or other supernatural help, but just then she was taken sick and thought a spell must have been cast upon her. As soon as she was able to totter over to Mrs Rubin's house, Marie timidly asked if this was so and says Mrs. Rubin replied "sure," and that it would cost another $500 to get well. The boy friend was in[illegible] Mrs. Rubin $1,600.

About this [illegible] her fa[illegible] of [illegible]hat Marie [illegible]ng with her [illegible]

Madame I[illegible] threaten[illegible] to [illegible] with her two fr[illegible] factory, Rose and [illegible]

Rose already had a h[illegible] the District Attorney, and her proble[illegible] was to make him stop coming around and making scenes because he was jealous of her. Mrs. Rubin, she says, gave her a powder that "looked like the best magic for making a husband go away, dried dragon's blood." Rose told the District Attorney that Mrs Rubin sold her $300 worth for $100 but Mrs. Davis doesn't thank her for it.

It did not have any visible effect on her husband. Then Rose got sick and had to buy more expensive charms to get well. In all, she claims to have paid $525 before deciding that magic is only another racket.

Christina told the [illegible]trict Attorney that [illegible] had spent $650 for [illegible]dles, powders a[illegible] charms to restore [illegible] mother's health, but strangely enough, without the slightest benefit.

On account of these sa[illegible] stories, Mrs Rubin faces charges of extortion which she de[illegible]

The found[illegible] of [illegible] country bel[illegible] compulsory [illegible] would [illegible] follies fr[illegible] th[illegible] the earth but [illegible] have ha[illegible] [illegible]

European belief [illegible]craft is centered in the Brocken, a weird German mountain. There, not long ago, some scientists went through [illegible] according to authentic directions [illegible] by famous medieval sorcerers. It f[illegible] of course, and the scientists hoped tha[illegible] this would discourage the belief but the superstitious merely answered that th[illegible] scientists hadn't any faith.

Marie Crescenzo, a New York "sorceress," recently received two and [illegible] half years in p[illegible] [illegible]king Josephine Alfano, a [illegible] Italian g[illegible] out of a couple of thousand dolla[illegible] Josephine, after waiting three years i[illegible] Italy, had followed her sweethear[illegible] Benny, to New York to be married. But success had changed Benny and his love had cooled. In desperation th[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] from [illegible] t of the [illegible] exterminators" was A[illegible] [illegible] old mountain y[illegible] mitted that he had poked [illegible] through a window and killed [illegible] Mummey. His reason for [illegible] he said, was because sh[illegible] [illegible] a 'spirit' fro[illegible] which made him feel tired [illegible] depressed. After she was [illegible] fine. Much to [illegible] s[illegible] people in the comm[illegible] also afraid of old [illegible] Albert had [illegible] mendable th[illegible] he was insane

Lady Edmee Owen's Experiences in the U

Initiated by a Barbarous Blood Ceremonial Into Their Se
Underground Apache Den in Paris, This Young Woman o
Title Is Welcomed as a Sister a
of Sight
Police

Lady Edmee Owen.

The Somber, Steel-Grilled Entrance to Versailles Prison, Where Lady Owen Was Confined.

Snapshot of One of the Sudden Flare-ups and Fights in an Underworld Dive.

Lady Owen With an Underworld Friend in a Thieves' Resort.

A Gala Night at th
Club, Buenos

By LADY EDMEE OWEN.

(Concluded from Last Sunday)

BUT IF Barcelona ranks, as I have said, with the world's lowest cities, perhaps Buenos Aires, that notorious city in South America, ranks even lower

Everything tends to amours. Life in Buenos Aires seems to exist for nothing else. Love is taken for granted. Every man, even in the better classes, carries a revolver. In the lower dives, they carry a knife, too. They are not necessarily for attack; rather they seem to be necessary for the defense of whatever woman one happens to be with at the moment. To such a pass have things come there, that to speak to a woman, who is with a man, is the certain prelude to a fight—often a fatal fight.

There was my own case, for example. Jose had taken me into one of the lower dives—against his wish but at my insistence—and we sipped our wine and watched the dancing. Leaving me for a few minutes, he spoke to a man there whom he knew, and asked him to look after me till he should return. Only too well did he do it.

There was a man dancing in whom I was interested. He danced so beautifully. I watched him as he went round and round the tiny room. He must have noticed, for once or twice I caught the glance with which he seemed to return my interest. If I smiled at him I was not conscious of it.

At the end of the dance he came across to me and asked if I would dance next with him.

He had hardly spoken when my temporary escort was on his feet. With a vicious blow to the jaw he knocked him over the adjoining table, upsetting it and scattering the chairs around. Almost as he was striking he drew a knife. When the stranger jumped to his feet and scrambled from the wreckage, he, too, had drawn a knife. Without preliminaries they started to fight.

I screamed. Perhaps the men there realized my difficult outlook. Half a dozen jumped up and tackled the combatants, separating them, luckily before any great harm had been done. A few flesh wounds were all they had succeeded in giving each other—enough in all conscience I agree; but nothing compared with what might have happened. Had I not screamed out for them to stop, I gather that the fight would have gone on till one or other had been killed—or nearly killed. Such is their way.

My escort felt aggrieved that he should have been deprived the honor of his task of looking after me! And as Jose, who mercifully came back just then, explained, we could do nothing. We could not pay him for his care; we could not even pay the doctor's fees. All we could do was to thank him, and when we did that, Jose made no reference to the fight at all.

There is an inventive ingenuity in the inhabitants of Buenos Aires which is absent even in Paris. And yet it may be all a matter of outlook. Perhaps after all, Paris can match it, but hesitates to put into practice all it can imagine. For there are things which even Paris considers "are not done." Buenos Aires knows no such impediment to the execution of its wishes. There is something devilish in the way they will plot vendettas or vengeance. You hear of these stories and see the chief actors in them, and you find them unbelievable. It is not till fate pitches you into the middle of the drama that you realize that such things can exist outside sensational fiction. An ordinary vengeance is of no account. Nothing ordinary is of account in Buenos Aires.

There is the case of Benito Valentino. He was well-known in the Underworld of Buenos Aires. He was, in fact, one of the rulers of it—one of those "brains" who mingle in the circle and yet control it from the outside. He was immensely wealthy and he wanted fun out of life; a kick. And since even society in Buenos Aires had begun to pall on him, he began to seek his thrills elsewhere.

Benito was a good-looking man. He was reported to be one of the greatest lovers in the city. He numbered his mistresses by dozens. He took them up, discarded and pensioned them. It was immaterial to him whether the women to whom he made love were married or not. Change and plenty of it was his motto, and he lived up to it.

Though a libertine himself, he demanded the strictest fidelity from his mistresses and his own wife.

But Nemesis watched her chance. When at last the blow fell, it was in the spot which hurt him most. Benito Valentino idolized his wife, even while he surrounded himself with a harem of mistresses. And she was worthy of his idolatry. Beautiful, interesting and intellectual, a well-known sportswoman, who never looked so well as on horseback, gentle in her manner and charitable to all, she was the perfect partner for such a man. If she knew of her husband's delinquencies she ignored them. My own feeling is that she knew of them and was intelligent enough to raise no objection so long as she retained his own love and affection and so long as he remained the friend and comrade to her that he had always been. For they were, in the best sense of the word, "pals." Nor do I see how in a city which rang with Benito's doings and where his latest "conquest" was a matter of general gossip she could have been ignorant of his doings.

And then unexpectedly his wife fell.

How or why, I will not speculate. Who shall probe a woman's mind or heart? It may have been she was weary of Benito's strayings, it may have been for a variety of other reasons. It certainly was not that her husband neglected her. My own feeling is that she wanted to make her husband jealous on the argument that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander.

But whatever her reason, the fact remains that Marguerita Valentino took a lover—at least allowed him to take her. For Sebastian Minchito had long been a secret suitor for her favors. He had been in love with her even before she had married Benito Valentino. The two of them had wooed her at the same time, and when Valentino won, Sebastian left the town. It was three years before he returned. Both Valentino and Marguerita welcomed him back. He was a frequent visitor to their house. He made no secret that his passion was not dead. Benito often used to chaff him with the fact that Sebastian would have a long time to wait before he won Marguerita.

It was Marguerita herself who made the first advances to her old and still ready suitor. Her fall was easy and swift. They kept their meetings and their affair secret. But even walls have ears in Buenos Aires. It was not long before Benito learned of the deception. Secure in his self-esteem, he refused to believe it. Unknown to them, he fitted microphones into his wife's rooms and spy holes in the walls and ceiling. He watched and listened to them for weeks throughout the whole course of their meetings.

One day Sebastian Minchito received an invitation from Benito to dinner. His wife had gone away and he was lonely.

"Now Marguerita is away," Benito wrote, "I am going to produce all these freak dishes I have so often wanted to concoct and which she refused to allow the cook to make. We will have everything out of season and dishes never heard of before. And then when we have tried them out ourselves—for I know your taste in food—we will throw a man's party before she returns, which shall be talked about in the papers all over the world as the most wonderful dinner of the century."

The mood fitted Sebastian's own. He accepted. It was a freak dinner after his own heart, and he knew Benito would produce something worthy of himself.

How many dishes were tasted and tried that night I cannot say. But the one that appealed to Sebastian most was of armadillo's heart, served cold with a peculiar sauce piquant in jelly form and eaten with a slight covering of hot toasted Stilton cheese.

After the meal, as they sat sipping coffee on the veranda, Benito asked Sebastian which dish he preferred? Sebastian told him.

"You would," he replied calmly. "You once told Marguerita you loved her so much that you could eat her. You have. It was her heart."

Sebastian rose from his chair, but froze where he stood as he saw in Benito's hand a small automatic covering him.

"Stay there," said Benito, "I will kill you if you come near me. And I don't want to kill you."

He went on. "I killed Marguerita. She thought she was clever. So did you. You little knew that for weeks I have been listening to every word you spoke in this house and watching you every minute you were together. Shall I read you what you said and tell you what you did? I have the record.

"And a note, Sebastian; a note in which she told you you did not know how to make love well—that you did not make love half as well as I. Do you remember that, Sebastian? I nearly forgave her because of that. It was a weak moment. But it passed. And four days ago, the day she was to go away, I killed her.

"At first I thought I would kill you too. And then I knew that would be foolish. It would achieve nothing. I am not even going to hurt you. I hope you live a long, long life, Sebastian. For the longer you live, the longer will you have the memory that you are a man who ate the heart of your mistress and accounted it one of the best dishes you had ever eaten. There cannot be many men who have eaten their mistress's heart, Sebastian. It cannot be a thing one will easily forget. May you find satisfaction in the fact in your old age."

Benito still kept him covered with his revolver But there was no need. The power of action had passed from Sebastian. The revulsion of terror at its ghastliness overwhelmed him. He slumped in his chair. He covered his face with his hands as though hoping to shut out memory with sight

It was not that he was afraid. He was a brave man. He feared nothing alive and tangible. But physical nature revolted at the disclosure. His strength ran away from him and he lay limp and feeble. He was oblivious of the world around; of his own immediate surroundings. When at last his senses began to function again and normality to return, he looked up, preparing to take Benito and in his turn exact vengeance, he found the chair opposite him on the veranda empty.

Benito had gone.

He searched for him throughout the house in vain. He went in every room, searched behind every hiding-place and in every cupboard, creeping steathily, a drawn revolver in his hand, so that he should not alarm the quarry and frighten him into escape. He searched the grounds. He loosed the dogs and excited them to find their master, but Benito was not there.

nderworld

crets in an
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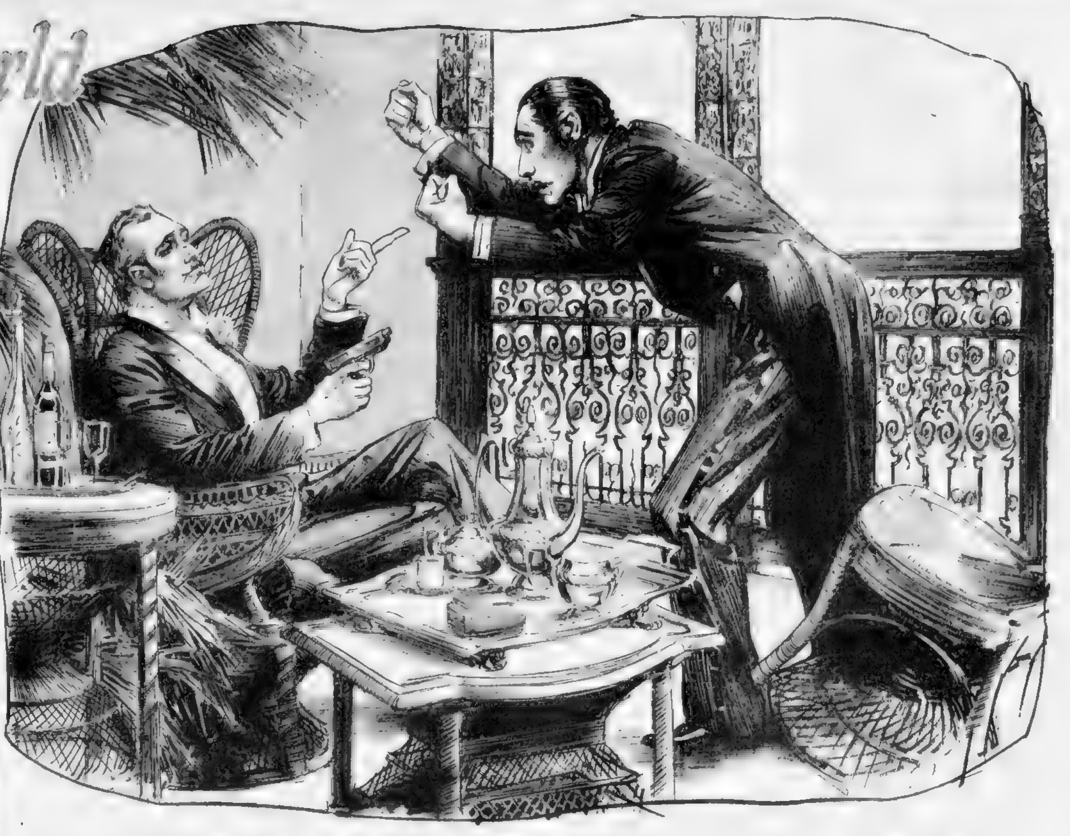
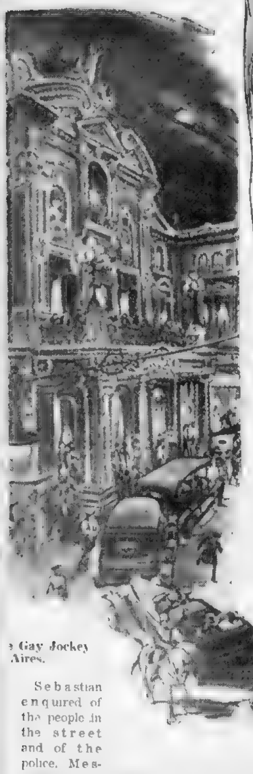


"After the meal, as they sat sipping coffee on the veranda, Benito asked Sebastian which dish he preferred. Sebastian told him. 'You would,' he replied calmly. 'You once told Marguerita you loved her so much that you could eat her. You have. It was her heart.' Sebastian rose from his chair but froze where he stood as he saw in Benito's hand a small automatic, covering him."



e Gay Jockey
Aires.

Sebastian enquired of the people in the street and of the police. Messages were flashed over the wires to neighboring towns and cities. The whole police organization—and there is in Buenos Aires one of the finest police forces in the world—of the city was swept into action by the frenzied zeal of the authorities that such a maniac should not remain uncaught. None knew, or if any of them did, they kept their secret.

But Benito was caught in the end. He was tried. How he escaped capital punishment I don't know. I wasn't there at the time and I only learned the sequel from a chance remark in a letter. Perhaps it was that he pleaded the unwritten law, as a man would have done in France. At any rate, he was not sentenced to death, but was given a life term in the terrible Tierra del Fuego—the land of fire—which is said to be the worst prison in the world.

And Sebastian still lives. But he is not the devil-may-care Sebastian of old. He is not seen in his old haunts. He left his friends. When they sought him out and tried to teach him to forget, he shunned them all the more. He took to a lonely life, with only his deathless memory for company. He is to be found today in the Underworld of Buenos Aires, morose, shrunken, broken, wracked by that most awful of terrors, a haunting memory, which even drugs cannot obliterate. With sunken eyes and that pale, almost transparent complexion which is the peculiar mark of the drug fiend, dirty and unkempt, having no friends—for though the Underworld would not have shunned him he would not mix with them—he can be seen daily in the lowest and most squalid of casitas there, leading his solitary, miserable existence, waiting for death which alone can bring him release from an existence which is a living hell.

It was in the Underworld of Buenos Aires that I met an extraordinary character, Cora La Rouge. Poor Cora! She was always in demand and her admirers were always getting into scrapes. Quite a number were killed in fighting for her. For she was one of those women—and in Buenos Aires they were few—who were worth fighting for. To her attractions, she allied a native gentleness and cultured intelligence. She also had a grotesque, if gruesome, wit.

Cora had a unique pair of earrings. They were made of the bullets taken from the bodies of her lovers and their assailants after the fights they had got into, and, because of their great weight, were hallowed and fastened into long chains, which hung from her ears right down to her shoulders.

On each bullet was the name of the lover or assailant from whose body it had come and the date of the encounter. But there was this difference in the chains: Whereas one was composed of bullets taken from the bodies of her lovers, the other was composed of the bullets taken from the bodies of the assailants. And on these bullets was always carved, also, the name of the lover who had fired the shot.

Cora La Rouge invariably attended the operation whenever she was allowed, and herself nursed her man back to health. She was a splendid nurse. When she begged the first bullet from the surgeon he was surprised. She had no idea then of making them into a scheme of decoration for herself. She wanted just to keep it, she told me, as a memento of her man in case he died. He did die, and his name and the date of his passing were carved on it. Her second lover recovered, but Cora La Rouge did not throw away the bullet. It was when she left him that she had the two made into earrings. As time went on and she added to her collection, the weight became heavy and she had them carefully hollowed out by the silversmith who carved on them their various microscopic inscriptions. By now the doctors knew of her whim, and even without being asked, kept the bullets for her after each operation.

The name of Jose figures most prominently in her collection. He was an expert shot. He contrived to put five bullets into the body of one assailant at one shooting. The man died. Jose, according to the string of bullets, killed or wounded two more before he himself was killed. For there are seven of his bullets in one earring—five bearing one date and two of two other dates—and only one in the other.

When I last saw Cora La Rouge she admitted that she could no longer wear her earrings with comfort. The bullets had been hollowed and hollowed till there was no more lead to extract. Even now they can be squashed flat with a little pressure, but their combined weight is such that gradually they are stretching the little pin-prick where the lobes of her ears are pierced, till soon they will be long slits like those of the queer savages in Central Africa whose rank can be told by the size of the slits, and who, in many cases, have stretched the lobes of their ears down to their shoulders and even beyond.

But Cora will not emulate them. She has other ideas.

"If I get any more, I shall have them made into a necklace," she said.

Already it would go round her neck. We measured the earrings, placing them end to end, to see. Given one or two more, they would fall down her chest, like a row of large beads, as a necklace whose parts are of such dimensions, should. Perhaps I should have explained; these earrings are not just single strings of bullets, hanging one under the other, but a double string, looped up, and kept in the shape of a rounded oblong by little pieces of silver wire stretching across as a framework and keeping the two sides apart—a most curious effect, as of a spider's web enclosed in a circumference of leaden blobs

I have told very sketchily what I have known of the Underworlds of some of the cities and centers of the world: Paris, Marseilles, Buenos Aires and even London. I cannot—no individual possibly could—draw a complete picture of the Underworlds of the world; nor even of the Underworlds of the Western world. It would take more than a lifetime to encompass them.

An aggregation of criminals does not make an Underworld. For an Underworld, in the real sense, is an eclectic society of voluntary associates who have thrown off convention and have substituted a code of their own; all the more binding, perhaps, because it is traditional and unwritten

But as cities differ in various ways, so are the Underworld characteristics different. Rio de Janeiro is another wicked South American city, and it is marked by fantastic eccentricities and picturesque characters. I remember a curious individual I met in Rio. I think of her as the "Woman of the Black Gloves."

They were peculiar gloves, of black kid, long, that stretched far above her elbows, and the backs were ornamented with silver work of fine Indian design and set with brilliants and tiny colored jewels.

Without these gloves she was never seen, either at home or in public. Whether she was dancing or dining, in the morning or in the afternoon, always she wore them, pulled far up her arms above the elbows. Some said that there were birthmarks on her arms of indescribable ugliness; others that she was doing it for a vow; some even that both her arms had been amputated at the elbow and the gloves covered artificial limbs. But the grace of her movements belied this last.

But her gloves were not the only peculiarity about her. She was well off and she lived in the better part of Rio, but she frequented the lower quarters equally with the more exclusive clubs. She changed her lovers with an amazing rapidity, but what caused most gossip was that she rarely seemed to have much use for the normal men. Always it was those who were suffering from some mental strain or physical disability that she chose. And it was also noticed that under her attentions they always seemed to improve.

Hence some thought that she was a doctor who by some abstruse magic could cure where the ordinary practitioner failed. Others, less charitable, believed her to have a leaning to black magic. But no one knew the truth. Her admirers, after they left her, were unapproachable. They never talked of their experience, and this only added fuel to the fire of curiosity.

Of course, I was curious. I asked everybody. No one knew. Several times I had met Stephanne Menzies—which was the name of the "Woman of the Black Gloves"—and she was disposed to be friendly. But in face of the secrecy about it all in Rio, I hesitated to pry where the natives—so to speak—had failed

Then one day she approached me herself.

"I have just heard who you are," she told me. "You are the Lady Owen who went to prison in France for shooting and wounding Madame Gastaud?"

I told her I was.

We talked quite a lot then, about prisons and the poor wretches I had met there. I told her a little of the thoughts that I have written at the beginning of this narrative, and how terrible it is that we can do so little to help.

Suddenly she rose. "Will you come home with me?" she said. "I, too, have known trouble. Perhaps each of us may be able to help the other."

Sitting in her apartment, I told her all about my life; of the fears and the memories and the turmoil that was always there in my heart and my brain, even though I tried by every means to banish them.

"You poor child," she said. Her voice was very low and gentle. Then, smiling, she asked me: "May I help you?"

"How help?" I asked, rather surprised.

"Perhaps I can, if you will only believe," she told me. "I have power to do much for those who will believe. It is nothing strange. There is no magic, such as is believed of me by many here. But if you will help me by trusting me, you can be made very happy. See. I will lay my hands on you—so. And if you will believe, the fears and the memories of all your sufferings shall disappear, and never return again. Would you like that?"

A queer excitement gripped me. Something told me that at last I was to learn the secret that I had so long wanted to discover. I had to struggle with myself to keep my voice calm

"Yes," I answered as quietly as I was able.

"I shall place my hands on your head," she said, "and I shall pray."

My hopes fell headlong. So that was to be all. Just more witch-doctor superstition. A second later and they rose as high as they had fallen low. Stephanne Menzies was beginning to peel off those long black gloves.

Was I now, then, at last to know the secret? What was it? Hideousness? Or was it just nothing: a trick to catch the imagination? For catch the imagination it had. It may seem very simple written here. But in Rio this woman and her long black gloves was a figure of the greatest curiosity imaginable.

I gazed—fascinated Slowly she pulled off the glove from her left hand. Arm and hand were per-

(Continued on Page 19)

Sea Shroud

by Sinclair Gluck

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

LORIN OSTERHOUT, a scientist, [illegible]

CHAPTER X.

Poison.

AT Garrett's rap Osterhout's door opened. He looked refreshed. Garrett entered and closed the door.

"So here you are," said his host. "Any developments?"

"One or two," Garrett replied rather dryly. "I see you've had a good sleep. Know anything about chemistry?"

"A little. What's that you have in the glass?"

"Some of the drinking water in my room. It smells and tastes like peach-kernels. Don't touch it with your lips."

"I won't!" said Osterhout. He sniffed the contents of the glass, lowered it and straightened slowly. Garrett saw that his face was drained of color.

"That's HCN," he muttered. "Hydrocyanic acid, or maybe potassium cyanide, which has the same effect. Great heavens, Garrett, how did it get into your [illegible]?"

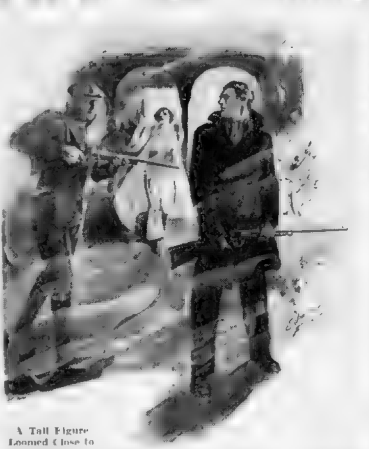
"As I remember, it's fairly [illegible]."

Osterhout opened his window, flung out the contents of the glass and [illegible] washed it out. "[illegible] that solution [illegible]. But [illegible] I should think half [illegible] would have killed [illegible]."

"[illegible]," said Garrett. "May I have a drink of this?"

While Osterhout stared, he filled another glass from Osterhout's carafe, sniffed it and finally drank.

"You're a cool customer," observed his host. "But—"



A Tall Figure Loomed Close to Garrett and the Muzzle of a Rifle Touched Him Suggestively in the Ribs.

"Exactly. What member of your household would have or could get possession of that acid?"

"I've no idea. For some reason anyone can buy it. The salt has many industrial and commercial uses. Doctors use it—"

Osterhout broke off suddenly. Garrett did not appear to notice the fact, nor that Osterhout had started a little.

"Domestic uses?" he inquired. "For rats or bugs?"

"Not that I know of. It's used in dyes."

"Did you send Brisson with a message to Brice just now?"

"Not just now." Osterhout stared. "He waked me about [illegible] ago. I told him to send Sako. It was just to tell Brice that I'd help him guard the beach after midnight."

"Guess that's all," said Garrett. "See you later."

"But what are you going to do about that HCN?"

"Wash out my drinking jug," said Garrett. He picked up the glass. "And be careful what I drink," he added.

Osterhout was left to stare at the closing door.

Garrett moved quietly along the hall to Linklater's room and knocked. The stout doctor opened his door. He was fully dressed. Stepping back he looked at Garrett with shiny eyes and fumbled at his chin. Garrett entered.

"Hello," he smiled. "How long have you been back?"

"Why—quite a while," said Linklater in his deep, petulant voice. His eyes fell to the glass and remained on it.

"I wanted to say," Garrett explained, "that I was a bit upset this afternoon. Of course, I know it was an accident."

He laid a placating hand on Linklater's arm. The coat sleeve was perfectly dry. Linklater backed off, staring.

"Well, I told you it was," he mumbled. "But I don't want you in here. What do you want?"

The clothes closet stood open. Garrett veered into the doorway and ran the back of his hand down the sleeve of each suit that hung there. He could feel no moisture on any of them.

"Lucky man!" he laughed. "Half a dozen suits, eh? I only wanted to explain. See you at dinner."

He strolled into the hall conscious of those queer, bulging eyes. Unless he had gone coatless, which did not seem probable, the doctor had not been out in the mist recently.

When dinner time came Garrett ate without a qualm, merely [illegible] coffee and individual dishes. Almost everything was served from one platter.

In addition to this safeguard he thought another attempt to [illegible] was not at all likely. [illegible] who wanted [illegible] out of the way, the man who had stolen his tie and knew what he was, had reason to wait. Garrett had made no complaints. The spy must think that he had not yet drunk from his bedside [illegible] would do so later.

Thanks to Osterhout and Celia the meal was not quite as gloomy as luncheon had been. Osterhout teased her, and she responded with an affection that seemed a little overdone. He tried to drag Garrett into the conversation at times. On these occasions, Celia kept her eyes on her plate until Garrett had answered. Then she went on talking to Osterhout. Vane ate in silence, observing them with passing gleams of humor.

Mrs. Mallow sniffed her prim way through the meal, her eyes [illegible] and her large hands busy. Linklater gobbled his food, using his tongue for that purpose [illegible]. Whenever he thought himself unnoticed, his eyes wandered over Garrett.

Unobtrusively aware of them all, Garrett discovered very little. He did sense a reserved amity between the doctor and Mrs. Mallow, just as he felt the latent antagonism between these two and the young couple.

After being herded together for months, such different types would naturally get on each other's nerves. Yet this splitting of the household into two camps seemed based on something more profound than irritation. It was too polite and carefully hidden by all, except Vane.

Sako waited on table with a smile that meant good training and little more. Once Garrett looked forcefully into the naked sloe-eyes. They met his blandly.

As the meal concluded, Osterhout spoke to them all.

"I expect to be in my workshop until eleven or perhaps later," he said. "Have patience a few days more and this dull existence will be over. I wouldn't have dragged you all here if I had known it would take so many months. Thanks."

They trailed after him across the court, Garrett last.

Osterhout traversed the living room, let himself into the workshop and turned in the doorway to beckon Garrett.

"Come in a minute," he said, "and I'll hunt up those nails you wanted. Not that you aren't welcome on our island."

Garrett followed him in, casually shutting the door. They crossed to the workbench, where Osterhout began rattling a box of nails in his hand convincingly.

"I'm much alarmed about that attempt on your life, Garrett," he confided in a low voice. "You've got to be very careful. If I only had some idea who it was! Have you?"

"I've a lot of ideas but no certainty and no proof," said Garrett. "If you know who might have had that acid in his possession—" He paused inquiringly.

Osterhout shook his head. "I don't. Linklater brought his medical kit with him, of course, but there's nothing like that in it. I've seen everything in his bag more than once."

"If you called the household together and let me go through the place," Garrett reflected, "I might turn up the bottle. But it's quite as likely to be planted in the wrong room by this time. What I want you to do is to [illegible] that that poison means [illegible] a spy in your household who will stop at nothing. I want you to be very careful yourself."

"[illegible] It's you somebody tried to kill!"

"[illegible] may be in the way," said Garrett patiently. "You must be cautious. Are you planning to stay here all evening, until midnight?"

"Yes. I've got a little experiment to arrange."

"Then keep both doors locked and bolted, will you? And don't let a soul in here except me, no matter who it is! I'd like your word to that effect."

"All right. I promise. Going to watch that rifle?"

"No. I'm going to be ostentatiously elsewhere. I'll slip in there later. If it's gone, I'll wait and see who comes back with it. But I don't think our man will use it again. That rifle has probably served his purpose."

"The shot last night? What use was that?"

"A signal of some sort perhaps," said Garrett. "If he had to shoot at all, the spy may have fired at your window to lead your suspicions away from your own household. Now I'd like to hear more about Vane's background and so forth."

"Dion! You're not suspecting him?"

"Everyone," Garrett smiled without mirth. "Is anyone else a more likely suspect? If so, you [illegible]."

"I see what you mean," admitted Osterhout, frowning. "Dion is very [illegible] and perfectly sane. His father was an Irish sportsman, adventurer and a gentleman. His mother was a Greek and one of the loveliest young women I have ever seen. She died in giving him birth. Her husband got himself killed in the war soon afterward. Dion inherits primitive blood from both sides, as well as strength of character. Under that reserve he's full of young mischief, but nothing worse. I know the boy. His blood sets him closer to nature than most of us. He needs understanding, because he's like a wild thing in some of his ways and points of view."

"I see. And all that makes him a good close companion for your niece?" inquired Garrett absently.

"They're just pals. Eh? Close companion? What do you mean? He wouldn't harm a hair on her head!"

"I was thinking more of the inside of her head than the outside," Garrett smiled. "I ran into them in the mist before dinner. Your niece looked exalted and a little dazed, I thought. Maybe a primitive point of view is infectious."

Osterhout studied him. "Youth and sea air! Come! Out with it! You've got more than a glimpse in the mist on your mind. What's wrong?"

"Nothing. I'm just uneasy. We don't yet know the spy in your household. Vane is attractive and puzzling."

"Is that all, or won't you talk?" asked Osterhout shrewdly. "They are growing up, though," he mused. "I keep forgetting. They're innocent kids, but so were Adam and Eve."

"Since you mention it, I'd say they are grown up."

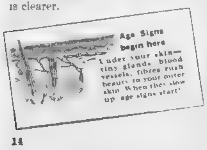
"You think so?" Osterhout shot a keen glance at him.

"Whoa!" Garrett laughed. "Nothing more than that."

Osterhout stood thinking for a moment. Then he looked up with a second, more personal glance and a trace of humor.

"I'm glad you mentioned the subject," he said dryly. "Celia's a lovely young thing. But don't misjudge either of them. This everlasting mist has got us all a bit. We'll know tomorrow about the model. If it succeeded we'll soon be out of here. Mrs. Mallow

(Continued on Page 16)



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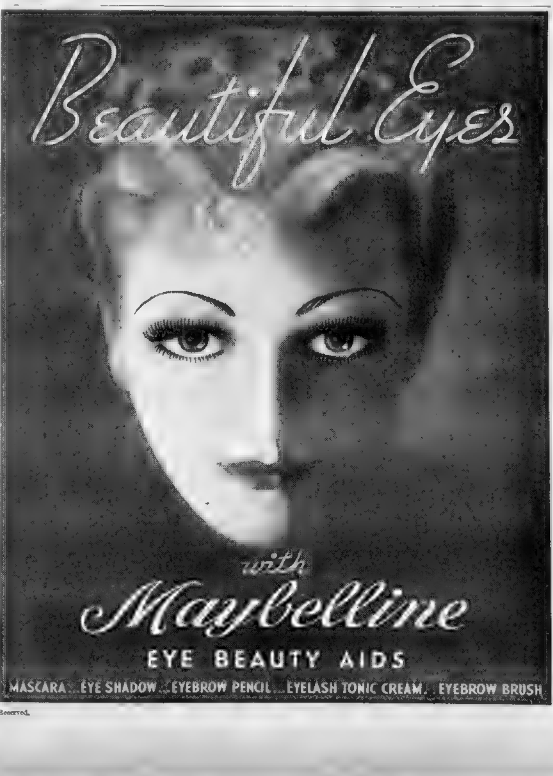

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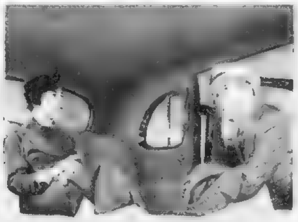

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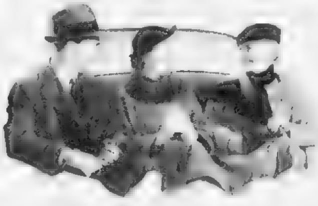

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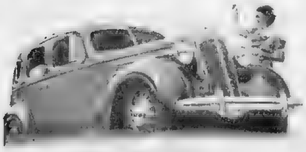

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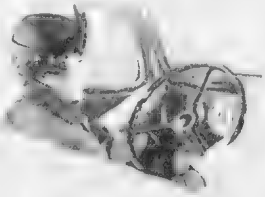

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making driving easier and safer than ever before

1936 CHEVROLET

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

The only complete low-priced car

Treat Colds This Way

Applicator packed with each tube sends V-E-M right up to the cold in your head. Gives quick relief. 29,752 doctors wrote us for V-E-M last winter. Your druggist has it.

V-E-M GETS TO YOUR COLD

Don't be BALD!

Don't give up! Faithful use of Glover's Mange Medicine and Glover's Medicated Soap for the shampoo has saved many from Baldness. Kills Dandruff germs, stops excessive falling Hair; promotes scalp health. Ask your Barber [illegible]

GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE

DON'T BUY A MOTOR OVERHAUL
FREE Hastings Compress on Test ... Hastings Piston Rings ... HASTINGS

The Best GRAY HAIR REMEDY IS MADE AT HOME

[illegible]

EACH issue of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY accurately portrays this world of ours—as it is, as it was and as we would have it be

Sea Shroud

By Sinclair Gluck

(Continued from Page 14)

[illegible] sort of [illegible] as a [illegible] been the youngsters [illegible] We mustn't forget [illegible] that they are youngsters. Things [illegible] analyst [illegible]

Garrett felt his temper rising [illegible]

"Yes," he agreed. "It used to [illegible] Dion [illegible] evening [illegible] if they [illegible] out at night just now, [illegible] might be dangerous [illegible]

[illegible] I never thought [illegible] Osterhout [illegible] from the [illegible] both of you [illegible] checking [illegible] notice Garrett [illegible] closed the door [illegible] he said [illegible] with an air of slight [illegible] "I want to talk to you both."

They raised their eyebrows but [illegible] as he asked.

"Celia," Osterhout began, "I [illegible] you realize the risk of spies on the island just now. I want you to realize the full extent of the danger. These men will stop at nothing. None of us is safe. [illegible] you or Dion might be captured and used as a hostage if [illegible] worse. I want you to [illegible] that you can be [illegible] every evening and that you won't go out [illegible] after dark. Also that you will never go far from the house [illegible] out of sight of Dan's [illegible]"

"All right. I promise," she [illegible] readily.

"The same applies to you, Dion, so far as going out at night is concerned. I'm counting on you to help Celia remember and to see that she's in the house by dark."

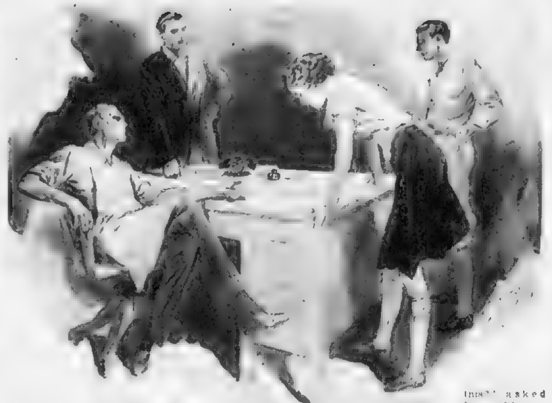
Vane stood erect, a queer wild gleam in his eyes.

[illegible]

"Don't you think that we can [illegible]"

Vane stood [illegible]

[illegible] Garrett could not tell



"Listen, you two," the Scientist Said. "Mr. Garrett is here because—I am sure of him. I want you to forget this antagonism."

whether she was prodding at [illegible] or coming to Vane's rescue.

Osterhout's eyes started toward Garrett, but returned to her beautiful face. "You know that Dan [illegible]"

"[illegible] Lorin!" she interrupted. "You needn't fib to us. We both want to know what this man is doing here at such a time and how much you know about him!"

"Hasn't Vane told you?" asked Garrett with surprise.

The others stared at him. "Dion?" exclaimed Celia. "How should he know anything about you?"

"Well [illegible] knowledge, I [illegible] before."

"Which make [illegible]" Garrett, watching him.

He was disappointed. Vane's eyes did not fall to the open neck of his shirt. They looked elsewhere in a bored way.

"Perhaps you'd [illegible] Mr. Osterhout [illegible] at least that I'm [illegible] in your camp."

CHAPTER XI.

Nightfall and Mist

OSTERHOUT'S drawn face looked [illegible] suddenly unexpected stand [illegible] puzzled [illegible] The [illegible] him an [illegible]

"Listen, you two," the scientist said. "Mr. Garrett is here [illegible] because he was wrecked here [illegible] because I am sure of him. I want you to forget this antagonism. Do I show?"

"Why are you so sure of [illegible]" demanded Celia.

Osterhout's thin lips [illegible] with annoyance.

"Because I [illegible] reason to be," he said. "[illegible] enough. If anything [illegible] away, I want you both to [illegible] exactly as he says. Mr. Garrett is my second [illegible] Say nothing of this to [illegible] else."

Vane looked at Garrett with [illegible] eyes. Celia's [illegible] then they [illegible]

"I think Dan ought to [illegible] about this," she said.

"Not just yet, please," [illegible] Garrett shortly. "That [illegible] the girls ever had [illegible] a little."

"All right," Osterhout [illegible] "I've some work to do."

Celia padded to the living-room door in her low heeled shoes, followed by Vane. Garrett looked into the washroom [illegible] couch. When he went out Osterhout bolted the door.

In the living room the young people had strolled to a table which stood almost in the corner of the room. They were [illegible] through a magazine together.

Linklater sat over his chess board. Mrs. Mallow was [illegible] socks. She sat stiffly erect with an air of sullen [illegible] that might have been pathetic in a more attractive woman. It was so obviously the defense of an unloved wife.

Garrett stood silent and motionless, which made his isolation very pointed. At length Celia turned her head.

"Won't you sit down?" she asked with a curt gesture.

Mrs. Mallow glanced at her very quickly and briefly.

Linklater looked up. "Play chess?" he boomed.

"I'm afraid not," said Garrett. Addressing Celia's back, he added: "Thanks, Miss Camray. Think I'll hunt up Dan Brice and [illegible]"

[illegible]

Surprise [illegible] her back, Garrett went [illegible] close beside her. After [illegible] she [illegible] what he saw.

[illegible]

A steady drip of condensed [illegible] pictured [illegible] the kitchen. He [illegible] Drops of water [illegible] people [illegible]

[illegible] the passage [illegible]

Eyes [illegible] the damp [illegible] He could [illegible] black [illegible] to his skin. Nothing [illegible] a few [illegible] he was stumbling along the ridge.

At length a faint brightening [illegible] led him to the open door of [illegible] hut. Dan sat alone at the [illegible] facing the door and shuffling a pack of cards.

[illegible] The cards slid from his [illegible]

[illegible] "Play poker," he [illegible]

The [illegible] offered him a [illegible] cigar.

"Sure," he drawled. "Dime [illegible] suit you?"

"Okay." Garrett swung up a chair and sat down.

They played for [illegible] hours [illegible] Garrett [illegible] At length [illegible] his charge [illegible] with a [illegible] It [illegible]

"You're very lucky, having that [illegible]" said Garrett.

"It was a [illegible] small pot," Dan [illegible] blandly.

"Uh-huh. I noticed that, too. Did you ever borrow that extra rifle from the storeroom, Brice?"

"What?" Dan stood up. "I did not! What's the idea?"

"Somebody has. There's no dust on it, nor oil, nor taste either. Somebody smashed the workshop window last night with a rifle bullet while I was talking to Osterhout. The far window. I didn't hear any shot, but the fog could have muffled it. I'm going back to see if the rifle's there now."

"Does Mr. Osterhout know all this?" asked Dan softly.

"Of course he does. We looked [illegible] up together."

"He hadn't ought to [illegible] of [illegible] Why [illegible]"

"[illegible] I want to catch [illegible] to catch the bird were [illegible]

"[illegible] yourself together," Garrett [illegible] "If a member of the household came in the storeroom, he'd see you and have a [illegible] Let him take it and then catch him with it, and you [illegible] the only [illegible] proof that [illegible] accept. Well [illegible]

[illegible] plunged into the muffling [illegible] Garrett found himself [illegible] faster and faster [illegible] by a queer, uneasy [illegible]

[illegible] softly on the workshop door which opened into the court. Watching behind him, he knocked [illegible] It was a [illegible] to hear Osterhout's footsteps [illegible] This impenetrable [illegible] was [illegible] over his steady [illegible]

[illegible] Osterhout [illegible] with a tense frown.

"I told Dan about that rifle," said Garrett. "Think I'll see if it's there now. Like to have you [illegible]"

Osterhout glanced at his watch [illegible]

"I [illegible] preparing for that little experiment," he said. "Rather not [illegible] just now. Suppose you investigate? Let me know if [illegible] gone."

Garrett had followed the gesture with his eyes. Two uprights [illegible] on the desk [illegible] swung paper [illegible] A [illegible] was suspended horizontally between the [illegible] lay in the [illegible] the airship model [illegible] over the [illegible] window was [illegible] with his [illegible] hole. The [illegible] the roof [illegible]

"[illegible] a handkerchief?" asked Garrett.

Osterhout [illegible] one in a drawer and tested it.

"Thanks," Garrett nodded. "Bolt the door after me."

He slid into the damp court [illegible] waited to hear the bolt click and still [illegible] Osterhout [illegible] not entirely allayed that vague uneasiness that kept him alert.

At length he edged toward the living-room windows, keeping clear of their radiance. He stood [illegible] enough to search the room with his eyes. It was deserted now.

Garrett eased back from the window and stood thinking. Linklater's attempt to push him over the cliff—and that poison in his drinking water—made his own life a poor risk just now.

Both murderous attempts must have been committed, directly or indirectly, by the man who stole his tie. Given the least chance tonight, the spy might try again—and succeed.

In leaving the doctor at large, Garrett had taken a deliberate risk. Linklater's childish ways might be superb acting, but Garrett backed his judgment against this. His mind groped for a keen, cool intelligence back of the doctor. The cliff attempt had been clumsy. The real spy was likelier to work from the dark and never show his hand. Left at large, Linklater might betray the man behind him.

There was plenty of risk at this moment. If anyone lurked in the court now, he must have seen Garrett enter the lighted workshop and come out again. Chilled and blind, Garrett pictured the swift knife stroke. His spine tingled.

Moving without a sound he began to feel his way across the top of the court, one hand on the wall. This course enabled him to avoid the [illegible] shafts of light from the living-room windows. Being unexpected, it might also bring him slap into the lurker unaware.

His alert senses proved of little use. He could hear nothing but the drip of water, see nothing but grayness.

He reached the left wing and turned along that. The clammy brickwork changed to the roughness of stucco. As he came opposite the windows, a yellow tinge was added to the moonglow through the fog. He paused to look around.

A down-draft of wind opened a path for his eyes. It showed the dim bulk of an umbrella over one of the tables, but nothing else. [illegible] pitch [illegible] beyond.

With a [illegible] breath, Garrett felt his way through. He touched the [illegible] and found the knob. [illegible] his careful fingers [illegible] opened noiselessly and [illegible] behind him. He stood [illegible] darkness now, darkness and silence fragrant of cooking. He began to hear the

(Continued on Page 18)

GOODBYE DANDRUFF!

The Truth About Soap Shampoos

THERE is a simple, easy way to rid yourself of dandruff with the very [illegible] All that is necessary is to use a shampoo that completely *dissolves* dandruff and then washes it away.

Repeated laboratory, as well as practical, tests show that ordinary shampoos will not dissolve dandruff. Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo dissolves every speck [illegible] and then washes it away. [illegible] Trial [illegible] On sale at all druggists, barbers and toilet goods counters.

[illegible] new [illegible] and beauty to your hair.

Accept this SPECIAL OFFER

Fitch's Scalp Massage Brush is a real value. [illegible] You get it at a great [illegible] a [illegible] bottle of Fitch's Shampoo. A $1.25 Value for only 69¢

This fine rubber Scalp Massage Brush easily fits the hand. Will last a lifetime.

Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo

DON'T NEGLECT A COLD

RUB soothing, warming Musterole well into your chest and throat. Musterole is NOT just a salve. It's a ***"counter-irritant"*** containing good old-fashioned cold remedies — oil of mustard, menthol, camphor and other valuable ingredients.

That's why it gets such fine results —better than the old-fashioned mustard plaster. It penetrates, stimulates, warms at [illegible] drawing out local congestion and pain. Used by millions for 25 years. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. All druggists. In three strengths: Regular Strength, Children's (mild), and Extra Strong. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau, No. 1867.

MUSTEROLE
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

Embarrassing ITCHING Quickly Subdued

Itching is not only embarrassing and tormenting—there is also the danger of infection [illegible] increasing the irritation by scratching.

[illegible] Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap [illegible] normal [illegible] You can use Resinol Ointment anywhere on the body.

Get Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap from any drug store. For free sample write Resinol, Dept. 21, Baltimore, Md.

Melt Away CHAPPINGS

IN FROM A RIDE
SKIN'S ROUGH, FLAKY
OUT FOR A DANCE
SMOOTH ALREADY THANKS TO POND'S VANISHING CREAM!
HOME AGAIN
MORE OF THAT BLESSED CREAM FOR EXTRA SOFTENING

MRS. VICTOR DU PONT III
distinguished young Society woman, says: "I am always out-of-doors, yet my skin is never harsh or dry—Pond's Vanishing Cream prevents all that!"

KEEP SKIN SMOOTH FOR POWDER

NO MATTER how winds whip your face—you can have a grand, smooth skin!

The minute your skin gets chapped, all roughed up with flaky little "powder catchers"—simply *melt* them off.

Those flaky bits are tiny particles that have dried out, hardened! They lie like an extra layer—on top of your skin. Water won't soften them—just makes each one stand out worse.

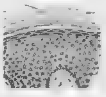
How melting softens

But—melting brings an instant smoothness!

According to the dermatologist: "Surface skin is constantly drying out, thickening with horny cells. Exposure hastens this condition. But a keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream) melts them off—reveals the young cells beneath. Skin is smooth instantly."

This explains why Pond's Vanishing Cream is so grand for rough, chapped skin—makes such a perfect powder base. Use it both of these ways:

For a smooth make-up First smooth away every speck of roughness with Pond's Vanishing Cream.



Cross-section of the outer skin (epidermis) showing how dried-out particles on top scuff loose, make it rough.

It gives your skin a satiny finish. Then powder goes on evenly. No new chappings come.

Overnight for lasting softness—Every night after cleansing, smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream. While you sleep, it makes your skin still softer. Greaseless—it won't shine, won't smear the pillowcase. Next morning, your skin surprises you—so extra soft in texture!

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HELP MORE AMATEURS CLIMB TO SUCCESS

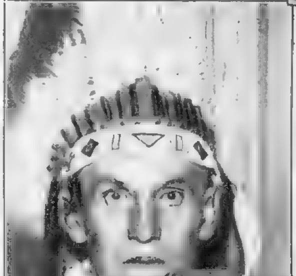
THEIR JOBS, FAME, SUCCESS DEPEND ON YOUR DAY-TO-DAY PURCHASES OF CHASE & SANBORN DATED COFFEE

WINS OPPORTUNITY—Lester Schnitzer, Brooklyn boy, is only 16, but already a violinist of rare skill He had no job, but listeners on the Amateur Hour liked him so well, he soon found himself on tour, with a fine salary, and an opportunity to play to audiences of thousands

NOTES GOOD FOR CASH Marshall Rogers can coax clear, bell-like notes from glasses by stroking them with his fingers. The time he spent perfecting this art was well repaid. The Amateur Hour audience liked his music so well that he and his musical glasses went right out with a Unit.

JOB LOST, FINDS BETTER ONE—Sara Berner was fired for imitating a customer in the department store where she worked. On the Amateur Hour, she imitated famous screen stars—also some of her former customers. She was a big success. Has a new job now—imitating people and getting paid for it!

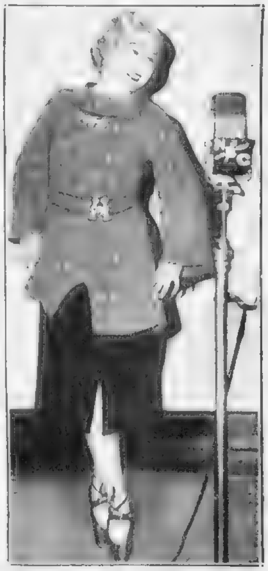
FAME OVERNIGHT -The three talented Youman brothers Jack, Skippy, George - imitate famous bands amazingly well. Were voted into a Unit after their appearance on the Amateur Hour. Have been able to contribute three much-needed salaries to the family exchequer.



INDIAN A WINNER—Martin Johnson came straight from an Indian Reserve near Buffalo. Johnson, his wife and son sang on the Amateur Hour as the "Tuscarora Trio." The song they chose was: "By The Waters of Minnetonka." They were right up front in the voting.

PENNILESS ORPHAN BECOMES POPULAR BLUES SINGER—Rhoda Chase left a Pittsburgh orphanage at 18. Got a job in an Ohio candy store, but was advised by a customer to get into show business. Her deep-blue voice was ignored until she wrote Major Bowes, sang on the Amateur Hour, and made a Unit.

TALENT RECOGNIZED – Steeple Jack Kay made a dangerous living painting flagpoles. He developed an individual style of harmonica playing holding the harmonica in back of his head but never made anything of it until he went to Major Bowes. Then he got his chance at last!



TAPPING FEET CLIMB LADDER OF FAME You heard Gloria Rich, 18-year-old singer and toe-tap dancer, on the Amateur Hour. Gloria's dancing teacher thinks she has the strongest toes of any of his pupils. They named her to a position with one of the Amateur Units.

CHASE AND SANBORN
COFFEE

When you buy Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Coffee, you are not only enjoying the finest in fresh coffee flavor—you are giving a real break to some talented beginner on Major Bowes' Amateur Hour.

Chase & Sanborn Coffee is fresher, fuller flavored, because it's *dated.* Rushed fresh to your grocer with a delivery date on every pound.

Buy a pound of delicious Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Coffee tomorrow, in the economical bag. You'll like it!

And remember—the more of it you and your friends buy, the greater chance there is for those thousands of amateurs still waiting for their opportunity to be heard.

Copyright, 1936, by Standard Brands Inc.

Keep Your Skin Young with Mercolized Wax

● Any complexion can be made [illegible] younger with Mercolized Wax. [illegible]

TRY Phelactine Depilatory. Removes superfluous hair quickly and gently. Leaves skin smooth, soft and hair-free. Simple to use.

• • •

SAXOLITE Astringent is a refreshing skin tonic. Smooths out wrinkles and age lines. Refines coarse pores. Eliminates oiliness. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel. Use daily.

At drug and dept. stores everywhere

SAVE Your HAIR

[illegible] KOSKOTT [illegible] FREE

KOSKOTT COMPANY, N-104, Sta. F, New York

"Klutch" holds

FALSE TEETH

Tight—all day

"Klutch" forms a comfort cushion, holds the plates so snug they can't rock, loosen, chafe or be played with, and no seed can get under them. *You can eat and speak as well as you did with your own teeth.* Don't endure loose plates another day. "Klutch" will end your troubles. 25c and 50c at druggists! If your druggist hasn't it, don't *waste money* on substitutes, but send us 10c and we will mail you a generous trial box.

HART & CO., Box 2435-B, ELMIRA, N Y

Clothes Make the Lady

An Amusing Story of a Poor Little Rich Girl With Some Trials and Tribulations of the Bargain Counter Thrown In.

By Gerald Weir

(Continued from Page 10)

[illegible] on [illegible].

Miss [illegible] was given an office of her own with [illegible] an ante-room [illegible]. But [illegible] before the [illegible] by a [illegible] from Mr [illegible].

[illegible] She [illegible] Mlle [illegible]

Miss [illegible] was [illegible] at [illegible] in the [illegible] of the things [illegible]. In fact, she [illegible] Celia's [illegible] her purchases. She [illegible] vaguely that a friend of hers—

"You wouldn't know her name because she can't give it to you," [illegible] had [illegible] Celia as the very nicest salesperson at Starnes Brothers and one [illegible] to buy [illegible]."

[illegible] great many [illegible] that Mlle Desargue [illegible] bought [illegible] expensive [illegible] goods department's Miss [illegible] away [illegible] for everything but [illegible] such as the [illegible] she [illegible] delivered [illegible] address in the Chelsea district.

In the week that followed she came back almost daily and made more purchases. She spent almost an entire day on the house-furnishings floor, asking Celia's [illegible] advice on matters of decoration.

"You see we—I am furnishing [illegible] apartment," said Miss Whinsey, blushing. "And [illegible] I [illegible] the faintest [illegible] how to go about it. All I [illegible] I've got [illegible] a [illegible] grand piano and [illegible] Oriental rug [illegible] at Starnes Brothers."

[illegible] This person [illegible] better [illegible] than Mlle Desargue. The [illegible] of [illegible]

Starnes Brothers had the baby grand piano [illegible] one that was expensive enough to suit Miss Whinsey. But it was necessary to order the Oriental rug.

Mr Stichter [illegible] upon the store detective again to [illegible] by following Miss Whinsey home.

"Say what [illegible] Booker. "As long as she pays cash for everything, what do we [illegible] she is or who's putting up for her?"

"Do you mean to suggest [illegible]"

"I ain't [illegible] Chief [illegible]"

Detective [illegible] that [illegible] at [illegible] of considerable ease, [illegible] and respectability in an [illegible] apartment block in [illegible] district. It was said that she was engaged to be married to a responsible young salaried [illegible].

"We [illegible] wrong [illegible] business here," remarked Mr Stichter. "However [illegible] I ever thought [illegible] have a [illegible] thousand dollar [illegible] grand piano [illegible]."

[illegible] her [illegible] Marge [illegible] every day [illegible]

[illegible] and [illegible] clothes [illegible] that you and [illegible] going to buy [illegible]"

[illegible] Celia assured [illegible] exaggerated [illegible] wood. To [illegible] cracks she [illegible] "Oh, yeah?" [illegible]

"The luck of some people," said [illegible] the phe[illegible] Marge. "Here you and I [illegible] month in and month [illegible] Basement and [illegible] picked up for [illegible] two minutes [illegible] little green[illegible] on top of the [illegible] fair-haired baby of [illegible] eager head of a [illegible] with a private [illegible]."

[illegible] she got a [illegible]," said Marge. "[illegible] of some people."

[illegible] department, meanwhile, was producing results—not astonishing sales such as those made to Mlle. Desargue and Miss W[illegible] but [illegible] orders from [illegible] customers who [illegible] the novelty of having their shopping done for them [illegible] own homes by models [illegible] them. The [illegible] orders [illegible]

[illegible] Moon seemed to have an [illegible] of guessing just about what [illegible] want before [illegible] went to call on [illegible] appointment. She had [illegible] list of Park Avenue maids and by [illegible] effective method had obtained [illegible] as to the size and [illegible] tastes of many leading [illegible] matrons. And quite a goodly percentage of those approached had made purchases.

Blanche and Marge had much to say about this merchandizing [illegible] every day at lunch [illegible] of some people."

They consoled themselves by [illegible] at times the morning topics of Don Derrick's column in The Flash. The columnist for several weeks had made [illegible] the vanish[illegible] Miss Phyllis Demara[illegible] had stirred them [illegible] no appea[illegible] columns [illegible] or otherwise from Harry Kirkwood urging her to come back.

For that reason it was all the more dramatic and electrifying to Blanche and Marge when Derrick announced a scoop. He said one morning:

"The city editors will soon be leaping and shouting over the news here hinted at for the first time exclusively, that Harry Kirkwood has found his Phyllis. This is graveyard strictly. Harry [illegible] a word about it to reporters who ask him yet. The reason is, so they tell me, that [illegible] whether Phyllis, having been found, [illegible] go back to [illegible] his [illegible] ways [illegible] the [illegible] hour [illegible]."

[illegible] Marge [illegible] Yeah [illegible] to Gus Booker, who was demolishing [illegible] two tables away. "You [illegible] look for that missing heiress any more. Desargue [illegible] whatever her name is. They've found her."

"Yeah?" said Gus nonchalantly. "That's good. I haven't lost any sleep over her. Troubles of my own."

"Now what a load that'll be off your mind, Marge — and Blanche's, too. Just think of it, the missing [illegible] has come back to her faithful lover. I suppose most women go back sooner or later. They haven't the moral spunk unless some other man steps in to bolster up their courage."

"Catch [illegible] careful of that with you," scoffed Marge. "Say, [illegible] snappy business w[illegible] but what you don't know about love."

"Oh, yeah?" said Celia listlessly.

Detective Booker sidled close to her in the hall as they left the dining room.

"Like to see you tonight, after store hours," he muttered. "Meet you across the street, in the ice cream parlor."

Celia [illegible] she [illegible] "Oh, yeah," she [illegible]

"This is business," the detective added quickly. "It's about that Eugenie Desargue girl. Be there. Will you? It's urgent."

She saw [illegible] swift glance that he was not dissembling. "I'll be there," she promised.

He was waiting that afternoon, as agreed, in the confectionery. He evaded her questions.

"Now we'll just hop a taxi," he said briskly, "and rumble up to Park Avenue. The lady will tell you all about it when you get there."

"Oh, will she be there, Mlle Desargue?" asked Celia, a bit breathless.

"Right. Just wait."

Booker directed the driver to the big apartment house in the Fifties which he had visited when he shadowed Mlle Desargue. The doorman glanced at him and the elevator man. They rose swiftly to the sixteenth floor.

He pressed a pearl button at the entrance to 16B and a uniformed maid opened the door.

It was Mlle Desargue.

She curtseyed, smiling.

"So—this is it!" cried Celia. "You were Henrietta's maid all the time — you're still living here."

The French girl [illegible] "No, Mademoiselle. I [illegible] here and I am not employed by Miss [illegible]. Monsieur [illegible] if you [illegible] please."

Gus Booker was backing toward the door as the maid disappeared.

"Well, I'll be seeing you, Miss—Miss Demaranville," he said apologetically. "Mr Kirkwood said just to bring you here and that would be all—I got to be going now."

"You'll do nothing of the sort," cried the girl indignantly. "What is this? Who told you I was—who told you I wanted to see Mr Kirkwood? Why, the insolence—"

But at the sight of the young man who emerged grinning from the depths of the apartment she stopped speaking and simply stared in astonishment.

"Lo, Phyllis," he greeted her. "Ain't mad at me, is you?"

"Why, Harry Kirkwood," she managed to gasp at length. "You—you cheated—you tricked me—was that a decent thing to do?"

He waved his hand, in a gesture inviting a more careful look at her surroundings, and grinned so disarmingly that her frown faded.

"Well, it's all your own doing, sweetheart," he chuckled. "You furnished this apartment—you picked out that piano, and this Persian rug, and the drapes and every stick of furniture in it—so you ought to be satisfied—it's yours."

She stamped her foot, but not exactly in a rage—merely in a pout. She turned vengefully on Detective Booker, who still waited uncertainly at the door. "You did this," she cried. "You told him where I was—you gave me away—what business was it of yours?"

"Well, lady, I'm sorry," stammered Gus. "He advertised—he said you were missing and I called him up and asked him things and when the boss got me to trail that maid, and she came right here, I couldn't help—"

"You're not telling the truth—you told him where I was—you knew all the time."

"All right, Mr. Booker," said Harry Kirkwood soothingly, "you can run along now. I'll explain everything to the lady—it's the best thing to do."

Mr Booker gratefully disappeared, for he could not abide the sight of a pretty lady in tears and Miss Phyllis Demaranville was very close to them.

"Explain!—you—you brute!" she half-sobbed, turning away from Harry. "You tricked me—you made a fool of me—why couldn't you l-leave me alone? You sent those [illegible] girls to buy all these things. You paid for them all—and I thought [illegible] the store people thought I was [illegible] on him [illegible]. I will [illegible] Harry Kirkwood. I'll show you. I've got a job with them and I'm going to keep on working for them. I don't care if they do know who I am, and you can just take all this stuff and throw it in the trash for all I care!"

"Now, listen, Phyllis, honey." He came close to her and managed to take and retain her hand, though at first she jerked away from him. "I know you're independent, and spunky, all the more so because you had a little hard luck in money matters and you want to be a business woman and make good in a Big Way. All right. I'm not going to stop you.

"I've got a store all picked out for you, on Fifty-seventh Street. They can call it the uptown branch of Starnes Brothers for all I care. Booker has been telling me how you gave them a brand-new business idea and it has already proved a success. Now, why can't you be a Big Business Woman—even if you're married to me?"

She looked into his eyes, and her lip trembled. "Harry—you big old bad, generous, hard-headed darling!" She was in his arms. "You mean it—you wouldn't care, if I worked—if I was 'in trade'? If I made my own living and didn't feel like a useless—button?"

"Why, we'll knock 'em cold, you and me and Starnes Brothers," he boasted. "I've been looking for a place to invest this confounded money that's been keeping us apart. But first, you know, we've got to go on a little trip—your trousseau's all bought—even your 'going-away' clothes and your luggage. Eugenie is in there getting them straightened out now. But gosh—say, what a sap!" He broke off and stared at her desperately.

Her tone was severe again. "Harry Kirkwood, do you think for a minute that I'd let you trick me into letting you buy all those things—even my clothes—you goof—you impudent, presumptuous—"

"Gosh, yes—of course you're going to take them. I'm giving them to you instead of an engagement ring. We're practical business people, you and I—we're not going to start out wasting money on diamonds. And as for the rug and the piano—they're a wedding gift from your Cousin Henrietta—she put me up to all this—she loaned me her new maid to help put it over—she said you were just the girl's size. But there's one thing I forgot—sap that I am."

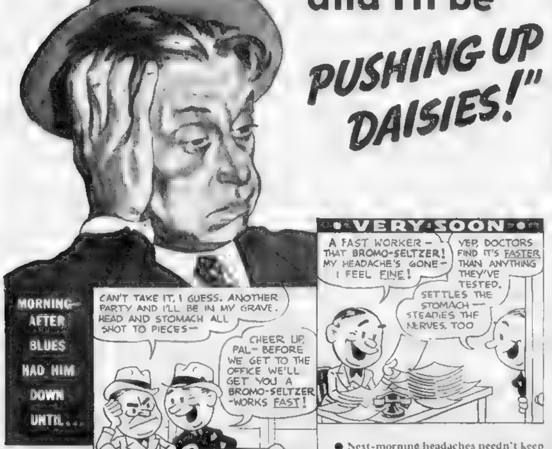
"What is it—I give up!" said Phyllis, laughing now.

"I forgot to buy you a wedding dress!"

It was she who kissed him, this time.

"All business women," she said, "should get married in going-away clothes."

"One more night like that and I'll be PUSHING UP DAISIES!"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Sea Shroud

by Sinclair Gluck

(Continued from Page 16)

[illegible] of a small clock above the stove. Nothing else stirred.

Garrett took hold of himself, consciously relaxing. There was something about this island that tightened the nerves. Pointing his torch downward, he flashed it briefly around the room. The storeroom door was closed.

Two strides and a touch found it unlocked. Entering, he shut himself in and switched on his torch, for the room had only one small window, high in the wall.

He stooped to open the rifle case. The spare weapon lay inside, just as he had left it. The fragment of match that he had balanced on the stock was still there.

Disappointed, Garrett closed the storeroom door behind him and softly crossed the kitchen. As he opened the other door, the knob rattled under his fingers. At the same instant he saw a faint shaft of light across the hall. It vanished. The dining-room door closed with a bang.

Tingling with shock, Garrett raced down the hall and flung that door open again. He sprang aside, crouched away from the door and holding his torch in front of the doorway, switched it on. The beam swept around briefly and showed the room unoccupied. Straightening, Garrett switched it off.

The dining room was free of [illegible]. Yet the rays of his torch had shown vapor streaming [illegible] through an open window [illegible] in the warmer air. The window had not been open long. On the other hand the intruder had lacked sufficient time to open it in his flight.

The deduction was obvious. Somebody had come in the dining-room window, almost certainly to borrow the spare rifle. Warned by the rattle of the kitchen doorknob, he had fled. He had not banged the dining-room door. The wind had done that.

Disgusted anger surged up in Garrett. He had arrived at exactly the wrong time. A minute sooner, and the spy would have blundered into him in the kitchen or storeroom. A minute later, and he would have caught the spy there red-handed.

It was no use running about in the darkness now. Even if he caught somebody out there, he could prove nothing.

The same applied to any member of the household now missing from his room. Absence was no proof of guilt.

Wheeling, Garrett raced down the hall and plunged into the court. A blind run brought him to the passage with nothing worse than bruised fingertips. There he crouched and waited.

Nobody came through the passage. He could hear nothing except the monotonous drip from the umbrellas.

There were four French windows along the front of the court. From left to right, they belonged to Celia, the Mallows, Vane and then Susan Burch. The passage separated Vane's room from that of the Mallows. The end rooms had neither doors nor windows opening directly on the court.

After a while Garrett abandoned his vigil beside the passage and crossed the court from side to side, stepping close to each of the four windows as he passed. Only Celia's had a wavering thread of light above the heavy drawn curtains. That hostile young woman was probably reading in bed.

Buttoning up his coat, Garrett stood thinking.

The spy had been scared away from the rifle. Garrett had assumed that he was too cunning to risk another try for it. However, it must play some vital role in his plans, perhaps for signaling. He might try again, hoping that Garrett would think him scared off. He might be in the storeroom now.

Once more Garrett sprang blindly toward the left wing. His shoes had rubber soles and he ran almost without a sound.

The left-wing door to the court stood open. He eased through the kitchen, revolver in one hand, his torch in the other. The place was dark and warm and silent.

Leaving both doors open this time, he listened outside the

(Continued on Page 19)

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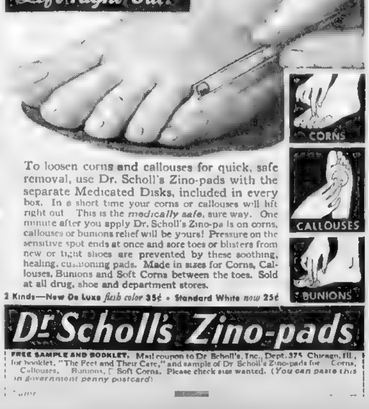

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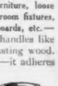

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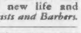

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Lady Edmee Owen's Experiences in the Underworld

(Continued from Double Page)

fect. And now the right-hand glove was slipping away from the rounded elbow. The forearm, smooth and white, was bared now. It was without blemish or fault.

She was pulling at the fingers now, easing them one by one. With a sudden jerk the glove came off to disclose—a hand covered with black hair. A hand human yet not human, with long, dark finger-nails, and the palm, bare of hairs, with a hard wrinkled skin. It was the hand of a monkey.

Ignoring the shudder I could not suppress, she held up the hand, palm toward me, two fingers extended, the others closed, as a Bishop giving a blessing. There was a little silence. Then in a low voice she said:

"This is the secret you and others have tried so hard to discover. It is my healing power. God-given. You shall see."

Drawing nearer to me, she stood by my side. The left hand she placed on the back of my head, and the right she laid on my forehead.

It was cool to the touch. That, I thought, was strange, considering that the hand had been gloved. Gradually it became warm. A queer tingling sensation like a mild electric current ran from it into my head. She moved the left hand to the nape of my neck, and I felt the current change its course, and go running round my face and neck. She moved her monkey hand to different parts of my body, changing the left hand at my back, and always I felt that strange electric feeling coursing through my veins, and revivifying my body. My heart seemed lighter; a great strength seemed to come into me. Weird visions flashed before my eyes; a phantasmagoria of sketches from the past; episodes I had wished never to remember again; some that in my worst moments were ever recurring, others that I had thought relegated to that strange other self the doctors call the subconscious mind; the mind that never really forgets. All came back in ghastly procession. And suddenly, they were gone.

"The Woman of the Black Gloves" replaced her hands on my head.

"They are forgotten," she said. "And they will never, never come back."

"How do you know?" I asked, half-amazed at my own temerity.

"Because," she said, "I saw them all. I saw them come, and I saw them go. They will never come back."

She seemed tired, as if some great effort had gone from her into me, as if the new feeling of strength in my own body and mind had been sapped from her. Slowly she sank back into a chair and closed her eyes.

I did not speak or move. Whatever I might have felt—and I cannot tell to this day what thoughts actually did pass my mind at that moment—there was no doubt that the woman before me was genuine.

And when she turned to me again there was a strange look in her eyes.

"I shall not ask you to keep my secret," she said, speaking almost as in a reverie. "I do not think there will be any need soon: very soon now. And then, one day, I think I would like them all to know."

She smiled at me, thinking that I understood.

I wonder if I understood more than I knew then. I had no reason to go to Stephanne Menzies' apartment the next morning. But something urged me to go there. There was no reply to my ring. Spurred by some inward force, I went upstairs to her suite.

Lying on her bed, the long black gloves pulled over the elbows, she lay dead.

And now as I bring to an end my experiences in the Underworld of many cities my thoughts inevitably return to Paris. I look back over the strange figures I have portrayed in these pages, Toto, Francois, Georges, Eliza, Mike, and the rest. But there is just one whom I think I have not mentioned once. Yet he went with me to and through so many places. He will understand why I have given him so small a part. He will know that it was because his part was so large and so all-important that I could not make just a character of him.

Rizzo, I wonder if you will ever read this story? As I do not know where you are this moment—in Paris or in prison again—I cannot send you a copy.

Rizzo, my friend, will you ever guess, I wonder, how near you have come to me again as I sat in my London home writing this? You, to whom I owe so much for the welcome of Paris and of the friendship I never knew existed till then.

Rizzo of the immaculate hands and perfectly manicured fingers. What a funny way you had of carrying medals in one pocket and a revolver in the other! It didn't matter where you were, or how you were dressed. Always they were there. How many murders had you committed? Five was it? But always according to the justice of your "Code." You stole. Did you ever pay for anything in your life, I wonder, except the bunch of red roses you sent to me every Saturday while I was in Paris? There was never any card or written message with them, but I knew they came from you.

Do you remember, Rizzo, the night of the great party given for me at my hotel, among my friends of the other world—and how you "found" a dress suit and were my cavalier? All those "other world" friends were there that night. "Qui est le beau gigolo?" they asked me. And I would not tell. They almost fawned on you that night, Rizzo. You were the finest man in the room, with your jet black hair, your luminous eyes, your beautiful hands and feet, your teeth so white that they almost looked a transparent blue.

And I saw you looking at them, too, Rizzo. No. Not at them. At the jewels they wore. You thief! What must it have cost you that night? But they were my friends. It would have been so easy. And those jewels would have been worth a fortune to you. Yet they were safe. I knew that. Do you remember the day I gave you my jewel-case to guard? You, the most expert jewel thief in Paris.

Where have we not been together, Rizzo, in Paris? Where have we not danced? In the lowest bistro, and in the best hotels; at gatherings of your confreres, and at my own parties. And always they said: "Qui est le beau gigolo?" "Gigolo!" Poor Rizzo. What would they have said, I wonder, had they known you were the greatest Apache in Paris.

The End.

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Sea Shroud

by Sinclair Gluck

(Continued from Page 18)

storeroom, then opened that door softly. A brief flash of his torch showed the room as before. He opened the case and felt for the rifle. It lay there undisturbed.

Angry and dubious, he stood listening. This game of hide-and-seek under darkness must be all to the spy's taste. His own best course was to hide nearby and guard the storeroom. It might be time wasted, but he had no better clue to the spy. He decided to inform Osterhout of his change of plan.

First, however, he preferred to make sure of the rifle while he was gone. Lifting it silently free of the case, he tucked the weapon under his arm and started into the kitchen.

At that instant he heard the brief, vicious impact of a rifle shot. It was followed at once by a second shot. This time he roughly located the sound. It came from somewhere in front of the building, and quite close.

Garrett leaped silently across the kitchen and raced through the court. The end of it seemed deserted. He plunged into the passage. The outer door was closed, the passage empty.

He tore through and sprang well clear of the house, pausing to listen. He heard only the quickened thump of his own heart. Diffused moonlight showed him the ground dimly. He could see nothing else.

Somebody in the direction of the hut shouted for Dan. As the sound died, the island seemed to crouch in waiting silence, like a murderer behind a curtain. Then a voice answered halfway up from the east beach, an anxious, muffled hail.

Garrett swore at his own crawling spine, wheeled and raced for the corner of the building. He found Osterhout's window. It was closed, but not locked. Pushing it up, he leaped into the room. It took him a moment of fumbling to locate the switch. Then the lights flared. They found him revolver in hand, crouching a little.

There was no need. The room was unoccupied. With a glance, he located Osterhout's rifle standing in its corner. He caught it up and felt the barrel. It was quite warm.

Scared away from the extra rifle, the spy had simply borrowed Osterhout's rifle instead—

Where was he now? Out in the shielding murk, or on his way back to his room? Only a few seconds had passed—

Snatching the door open, Garrett tore down the hall into the living room and plunged into the court. He thought he heard a door close not far away, but he could not be certain. A rising tide of other sounds from the building obscured that sound and made him unsure of even the direction. It might have come from the left wing. He crossed the court to investigate.

The door to the left wing was closed. He had left it open just now. Beyond lay the bedroom of Sako and Brisson.

Windows were opening around the court. Garrett distinguished Celia's excited voice calling: "Dion!" He heard Vane answer: "Here, Chump! What's the excitement?" Then Mrs. Mallow cut in with: "What was that shooting?"

Garrett heard the door of the left wing open. At that instant lights streamed through the fog from the living room. They showed Brisson's dark face in the left-wing doorway. He was peering this way and that, like a startled animal.

Garrett wheeled back across the court. As he neared the living room he saw Linklater's big, robed figure in the doorway.

"Were you making that noise?" demanded Linklater.

A tall figure loomed close to Garrett and the muzzle of a rifle touched him suggestively in the ribs.

"Right!" agreed Dan, his breathing a little flurried. "What 'ud be the answer to that one?"

Wheeling slowly, Garrett held out the spare rifle.

"This isn't loaded and hasn't been fired," he replied. "Feel the barrel. You didn't leave the east beach unguarded?"

With a shake of his head, Dan took the weapon and retained it, his cold eyes narrowed.

"Then what are you doing with it?" he demanded.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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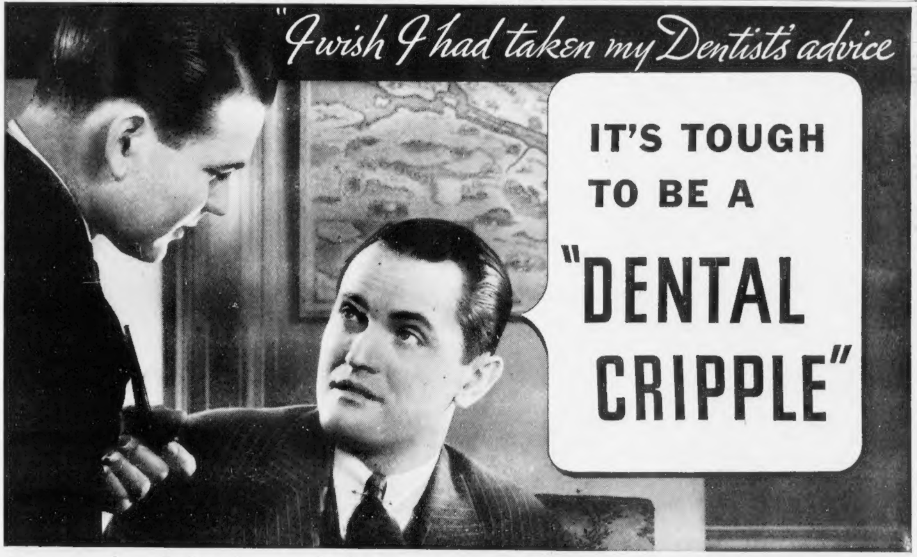
"I wish I had taken my Dentist's advice
IT'S TOUGH TO BE A "DENTAL CRIPPLE"

Too much soft food—too little exercise—That's how gum troubles start—So *Switch* TO IPANA AND MASSAGE *today!*

THERE's no harm, really, in our modern soft foods. They are delicious. But it is what they *don't* do that sends so many of us to the dentist with tender, sick gums. It is what they *don't* do that puts that first tinge of "pink" upon our tooth brushes . . . Simply because soft foods *don't* give our teeth and gums enough hard, vigorous chewing to do to keep them healthy.

"Pink tooth brush" is a plain warning of impending gum troubles. It plainly tells you that you may expect trouble—sometimes a lot of trouble. So never make the mistake of ignoring that signal. Your dentist doesn't. "Better care, more exercise, new stimulation, in short—Ipana and massage," says dental science.

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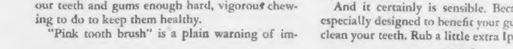
Treat "pink tooth brush" sensibly. Don't disregard your dentist's advice. Don't be a "dental cripple." Switch to Ipana and massage, and close this door to gingivitis, pyorrhea or Vincent's disease.



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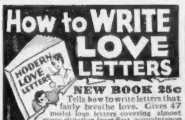

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Favorite Recipes From Many Readers

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Salad Dressing Guide.

LEMON juice with salt is a good dressing to use with avocado, sliced tomato, combination vegetable or plain vegetable salad. Lemon juice with sugar is good with grated carrots, grated apples or lettuce. Lemon or orange juice is delicious with bananas, apples (preventing discoloration), raisins, dates, or other dried fruits. Marinade (6 tablespoons lemon juice, 3 tablespoons salad oil, 1 teaspoon salt and a few grains pepper) is good with cooked vegetables, fish, meat, etc. Add to salad ingredients separately. Let stand until well seasoned. Drain, combine. Serve an additional dressing. French (3 tablespoons lemon juice, 6 tablespoons salad oil, ¼ teaspoon each salt and pepper) is good with light salads or with salads for heavy meals. For a sweet French dressing add ¼ cup red jelly or honey and use with fruit salads. Mayonnaise made with lemon juice or vinegar is used for heavier salads. If too thick orange juice may be used to make of desired consistency. Cooked dressings are used with hearty types of salads or fruit salads. Whipped cream dressings are used with fruit and gelatin salads.

Pork Chop Suey.

BROWN 1½ cup or 2 cups shredded cooked lean pork in 1 tablespoon butter and remove from the frying pan. Cook 1 shredded green pepper and 2 cups shredded onion in about 1 tablespoon butter until soft, or about 5 minutes. Add 2 cups shredded celery, 2 cups broth or gravy, the cooked pork and salt and pepper to taste. Cover and simmer for 5 minutes. Mix 1 teaspoon cornstarch and 1 tablespoon cold water and stir into the hot mixture. Stir until starch is cooked. Add 2 cups sliced raw Jerusalem artichokes or radishes or 1 cup sliced Brazil nuts or toasted almonds. Add soy sauce to taste (perhaps about 4 tablespoons) and serve hot with hot flaky rice.

Banana Bran Muffins.

MIX and sift 1 cup sifted flour, ½ teaspoon salt and ¾ teaspoon soda. Cream 2 tablespoons butter, add ¼ cup sugar gradually and cream well. Add 1 well beaten egg, 1 cup bran and 2 tablespoons sour milk. Mix and let stand while thinly slicing 2 cups bananas. Add bananas and mix well. Add sifted dry ingredients, stirring just enough to dampen all the flour. Bake in well greased muffin pans in a moderately hot oven, or at about 37[illegible] degrees F., for 30 to 35 minutes.

Sour Cream Chocolate Cake.

BEAT ½ cup butter until smooth and creamy. Beat in 1 cup sifted brown sugar. Beat 1 cup sifted brown sugar into 3 well beaten egg yolks. Combine mixtures and beat well. Stir ½ cup strong hot coffee into ⅓ cup dry cocoa and cool a little. Add ½ cup thick sour cream. Stir this into the butter mixture alternately with 2 cups flour sifted with 1 teaspoon soda. Fold in 3 stiffly beaten egg whites. Turn into two layer cake pans lined with waxed paper. Bake in moderately hot oven, or at about 350 or 360 degrees F. When cold put together with chocolate frosting made as follows: Sift 3 cups powdered sugar with ⅔ cup cocoa and ⅛ teaspoon salt. Cream 2 tablespoons butter with 4 tablespoons strong cold coffee and when light beat in 2 well beaten egg yolks. Then gradually beat in the sugar and cocoa mixture. Let stand 30 or 40 minutes "to ripen" before using.

Party Special Cake Frosting.

PUT 2 unbeaten egg whites, 1½ cups sugar, ¼ cup maraschino cherry juice and 1 tablespoon lemon juice in top of double boiler and mix well. Place over boiling water and beat constantly with a rotary egg-beater about 7 minutes or until stiff enough to stand in peaks. Remove from fire and fold in ¼ cup fine macaroon crumbs ¾ cup blanched, toasted and chopped almonds and 20 finely chopped maraschino cherries.

Easy Lemon Frosting.

PUT 2 unbeaten egg whites, 1½ cups sugar, 3 tablespoons water and 2 tablespoons lemon juice in top of double boiler. Beat until well mixed. Place over boiling water, beat constantly with a rotary egg-beater, and cook 7 minutes or until stiff enough to stand in peaks. Remove from heat and continue beating until thick enough to spread. Add ¼ teaspoon grated lemon rind.

Lemon Cocktail Sauce For Shell Fish.

BLEND 1 tablespoon prepared horseradish, 3 tablespoons tomato catsup, 1 teaspoon salt, 6 tablespoons lemon juice and ¼ teaspoon tabasco sauce. Serve over oysters or clams arranged in cocktail glasses or on half shell.

Lemon Mayonnaise.

TO 2 egg yolks or 1 whole egg add 2 tablespoons lemon juice, a few grains pepper or paprika, ½ teaspoon mustard (or omit), 1 teaspoon salt and 1 teaspoon sugar. Beat well and gradually beat in 1 pint of salad oil.

Pine Cones For Colorful Winter Fires.

SO many people have admired my pine cones and have asked for the directions for preparing them that I am giving the "recipe." I save every pine cone I can find and my friends are always delightfully surprised when they see the colors of my Winter fires. Several state experiment station experts have recommended the use of chemicals for securing beautiful color effects. Select the chemical you wish to use. For green use copper sulphate solution; for blue use barium nitrate solution; for red use strontium nitrate solution; for purple use potassium permanganate solution. Allow 1 pound of the required chemical to one gallon of water. Soak the cones in the solution for about 2 minutes. Spread in a warm place on thick layers of newspapers. Dip the cones several times if you wish a brilliant color effect. Store in a dry place.

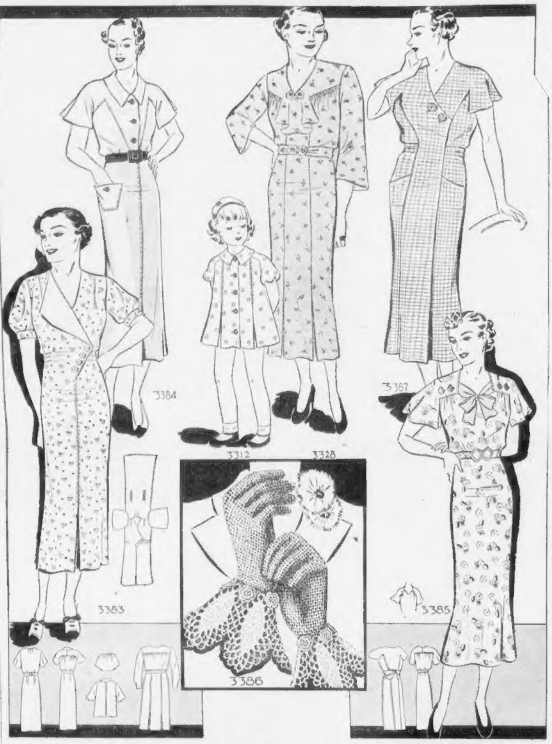
Black Walnut Cake.

SCALD 2 tablespoons butter and ¾ cup milk in top of double boiler. Beat 3 eggs until light, add 1⅓ cups sugar and beat until smooth. Add 1½ cups sifted flour sifted with 1½ teaspoons baking powder and ¼ teaspoon salt alternately with the butter and milk mixture. Flavor with ½ teaspoon black walnut extract. Pour into two or three layer cake pans lined with waxed paper. Bake in a moderate oven, or at about 340 degrees F., for about 30 minutes. Turn out on wire cake cooler. When cold put together and cover with Black Walnut Icing made as follows: Cream 2 tablespoons butter, add 3½ cups sifted powdered sugar gradually, and soften with ⅓ cup orange juice. Beat until very smooth and velvety. Decorate with ¾ cup broken black walnut meats.

Crimson Sauce (For Cottage Pudding or Steamed Pudding).

COMBINE ½ cup red currant jelly, 2 tablespoons hot water, 2 teaspoons lemon juice and a pinch of salt. Add 2 tablespoons finely chopped currants, 4 finely chopped maraschino cherries and 1 teaspoon maraschino cherry juice.

American Weekly Patterns



Pattern 3381—SMART YOUNG SPORTS FROCK OF YOKE-AND-SLEEVE DESIGN IS NICE IN COTTON OR SILK. Designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3312—MAKE THIS CUTE PANTIE-FROCK WITH SELF-HELP COAT CLOSING. Designed for sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10. Size 6 requires 2⅛ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3328—SURPLUS POUNDS SEEM TO MELT AWAY WHEN A FORTY-SIX DONS THIS SLENDERIZING PRINT FROCK. Designed for sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 36 requires 4¼ yard 39-inch fabric.

Pattern 3387—A COAT-FROCK FOR HOUSE WEAR WITH AS GRACEFUL LINES AS THESE IS BECOMING TO MISS OR MATRON. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 44 and 46. Size 16 requires 4½ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3383—THE MATRON WHO WOULD REALIZE A SLIM SILHOUETTE SHOULD ADOPT THIS SURPLICE STYLE. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch fabric and ⅝-yard contrasting.

Pattern 3386—CROCHETED GLOVES ARE SMART AND QUICKLY MADE. Combine easy mesh and lacy stitches. Pattern 3386 contains complete directions for making the gloves in a small, medium and large size; illustrations of gloves and all stitches used; material requirements.

Pattern 3385—ADOPT A COLORFUL PRINT FOR SPRING AND TOP IT WITH CONTRASTING BOW AND BUTTONS. Designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 16 requires 3⅛ yards 36-inch fabric and 1⅜ yards 3-inch ribbon.

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Requested Recipes

Lemon Butter For Vegetables.

CREAM 2 tablespoons butter, adding gradually ½ teaspoon salt, a few grains paprika and ½ cup lemon juice. Serve over 3 cups hot diced vegetables. Add a few grains sugar if to be used with carrots.

Lemon Butter For Meat or Fish.

CREAM 3 tablespoons butter, adding gradually ¼ teaspoon salt, a few grains pepper, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, and (if you like parsley) 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley. Serve on hot fish, steak or chops.

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KONDON'S NASAL JELLY

Frying Facts and Shortening Bread

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,

The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

ONCE upon a time there was a woman who was a marvelous cook. Her cakes were the fluffiest, her pastries melted in the mouth, her stews were fragrant as a Spring bouquet, her novel desserts were the admiration of the neighborhood bridge tables—but she had never attempted deep fat frying!

Skilled as she was at all other branches of cooking, she harbored the belief that deep fat frying was too complicated. And so her family missed all the special values of flavor, crisp texture and nutlike richness which only deep fat frying imparts to foods.

Frying as a method of cooking has been known since the days of the Romans, and in Pompeii, for example, we find many copper braziers (we should call them skillets today) of all sizes, in which foods were cooked in oil.

As every housewife knows, there are two main types of frying, classified according to the amount of oil or cooking fat employed: (1) pan frying, (often called sauteing), which may be done on any shallow grid, skillet, or pan surface with a minimum of fat; and (2) deep fat frying, which requires from 3 to 6 inches of cooking fat in which the food may be totally immersed or covered.

Some may think that this latter type requires a lot of expensive equipment. Not at all, one may deep fat fry in any ordinary heavy saucepan or skillet, but a heavy frying kettle with a properly fitted wire basket is preferred for greater convenience.

Select a model with straight sides, and a flat bottom, and a separate wire basket which fits inside the kettle. See that a protruding wire on the basket fits on a small upright metal bar on the kettle—in this way the basket may be raised up easily to drain its contents.

The deeper the kettle the better, because not only must the hot fat cover the foods completely, but additional depth must be allowed to prevent the fat bubbling over and thus flowing down and catching fire. It may be mentioned that the wire basket with side handle, is the best, and not a bail or top handle, because when the bail handle falls down it becomes very hot and is difficult to pick up.

In addition, one needs a roll of absorbent paper on which to drain off the foods, a skimmer or wire egg beater with which to lift up the foods from the fat, and if possible, a frying thermometer. These are a great convenience and make for accuracy. They are equipped with a device which fastens over the edge of the kettle to hold them in place during frying.

If one does not have a thermometer, use the "bread test." Cut 2-day-old bread into inch strips, then again into cubes. When you think the fat is hot enough, drop in a bread cube, and slowly, by the kitchen clock, count from 1 to 20 seconds. The cube of bread should then be an even golden brown. The fat at this point, would, by a thermometer reading, indicate 395 degrees F.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Grapefruit, Whole Grain Cereal, Poached Eggs on Toasted Cheese Bread, Coffee. *Luncheon* Pigs' Knuckles with Sauerkraut, Steamed Potatoes, Prunes in Orange Jelly, Tea. *Dinner (Company)* Roast Lamb Stuffed with Oranges, Mint Currant Sauce, Green Peas, Buttered Noodles, Green Bouquet Salad, French Dressing, Apple Betty.	*Breakfast* Stewed Apricots, Cereal, French Toast, Marmalade, Coffee. *Luncheon* Curried Eggs and Rice, Raisin Muffins, Iceberg Lettuce or Chinese Cabbage with Tomato Dressing, Butterscotch Tarts. *Dinner* Liver Loaf, Paprika Potatoes, Green Vegetable, Stuffed Dill Pickles, Green and Red Cabbage Salad, Savory Dressing, Lemon Chiffon Pudding.	*Breakfast* Prune Juice, Hot Cereal, Soft Cooked Eggs, Waffle Toast, Marmalade, Coffee. *Luncheon* Chartreuse of Eggplant, Green Salad with Cream Cheese and Fruit Dressing, Steamed Chocolate Pudding, Tea. *Dinner* Emergency Clear Soup (Left-Overs), Barbecued Spare Ribs of Pork, Sweet Potatoes, Creamed Brussels Sprouts or Broccoli, Old-Fashioned Deep Apple Pie.	*Breakfast* Grapes, Cereal, Graham Pancakes with Maple Syrup, Coffee. *Luncheon* Pan Fried Beef Heart, Paprika Potatoes, Shredded Cabbage Salad, Raisin Cookies, Tea or Cocoa. *Dinner* Ham Shank Slices with Scalloped Potatoes or Spaghetti, Baked Carrots, Buttered Broccoli, Romaine and Radish Salad, French Dressing, Fruit Gelatin, Custard Sauce.	*Breakfast* Orange Juice, Cereal, Rolled Omelet, Toasted English Muffins, Coffee. *Luncheon* Scotch Oatmeal Soup, Green Pea Waffles, Egg Sauce, Pineapple Trifle, Tea. *Dinner* Grapefruit Juice, Fish en Brochette, French Fried Potatoes, Delmonico Cauliflower, Cress Salad, Lemon Dressing, Coffee Blanc Mange.	*Breakfast* Apricots, Cereal, Broiled Bacon, Apple Pancakes, Coffee. *Luncheon* Baked Macaroni or Breaded Liver, Raw Vegetable Salad, Corn Sticks or Banana Bran Muffins, Cocoa. *Dinner* Swiss Steak, French Fried Onions, Sweet Potato and Pineapple Casserole, Shredded Cabbage Salad, French Dressing, Butterscotch Tarts or Cream Puffs.	*Breakfast* Grapes, Cereal, Raisin Bread, Marmalade, Coffee. *Dinner* Hot Tomato Juice, Planked Beef Balls with Oyster Blanket, Hollandaise Sauce, Celery, Carrots Baked with Dates, Lettuce Salad, Cucumber Radish French Dressing, Banana Ice Cream with Peanut Brittle or Praline Sauce, Coffee. *Supper* Melba Toast, Stewed Fruit, Milk.

Then comes the important point—what fat shall be used for deep fat frying? Almost every variety of fat has been so used, warm climates using native vegetable oils, while cold climates employ the abundant fat of animals. With the more general availability of supply, the modern cook can select her fats from one of these sources:

1. Animal fats (lard, butter, fats left from cooking meat—called "drippings").

2. Animal and vegetable (compound oleostearine and vegetable oils, oleomargarine).

3. Vegetable oils (olive, corn, cottonseed, coconut, peanut).

4. Vegetable fats (hardened vegetable oils, nut margarines).

Whatever fat is selected, it should have these qualities: It should have a neutral flavor, high smoking point, and good keeping qualities. Since the function of a frying fat is to provide a crisp crust to serve as contrast to a soft interior, the flavor of the fat should be neutral, so as not to distract from the food's own natural flavor. Therefore bland fats, or the neutral fats, or hardened oils seem most satisfactory since they allow the food's distinctive flavor to remain unchanged.

A word of explanation about smoking point. That fat which may be heated to a high temperature without smoking is called a high smoking point fat, and is most desirable for frying. A fat which has a low smoking point is one which becomes blue and smokes readily. No one likes to have the kitchen blue with smoke, but most important, fats which smoke easily are also breaking down chemically into less desirable food elements, which are difficult of digestion.

In general, the neutral vegetable oils or their compounds are the best suited to all deep fat frying. Such neutral fats can be used over and over again for frying, if first strained through cheesecloth and then kept covered in a cool place.

The most commonly fried foods are raw vegetables such as potatoes or onions, meat and fish mixtures which have been precooked, as for croquettes, fishballs, etc., and doughs and batters. Nothing is easier for the beginner than to start with raw potatoes.

Pare potatoes, cut into strips ¾-inch wide and about 3 inches long. Cover with ice water and soak 20 minutes. Drain well (for wet foods resist the frying fat). Bring the fat in the kettle to 395 degrees F. Fill wire basket half full only, of the dried potato slices and slowly lower the basket into hot fat. Do this to avoid excess bubbling—which is caused by the steam made by the contact of the hot fat with the moisture in the food—the drier the foods, the less bubbling. Since the cold wet potatoes lower the heat rapidly, (as much possibly as 75 degrees F.) the heat should be increased at once, to keep the temperature uniform. Turn chips with a fork occasionally. They should require between 5 and 10 minutes to brown. Drain on paper after lifting up and letting the basket drain excess fat back into kettle. Sprinkle with salt and serve immediately.

The same process holds with croquettes, with doughnuts, fritters and all foods to be deep-fat fried. The detailed process of making croquettes is too lengthy to be given here—but the chief point to remember is that the entire food surface must be breaded, or crumbed, and made impenetrable to the hot fat. That, indeed, is the one secret of deep-fat frying—to have the food completely immersed, evenly, and so that the fat cannot penetrate any portion and thus make the food greasy.

What is shortening? In distinction from frying fats, a shortening fat is one used as an ingredient in the food mixture, as in cakes, puddings, cornbread, pastry, etc. Here a fat with a rich flavor is very desirable, and the question of smoking point does not enter.

Butter has been from earliest times a preferred shortening because of its delicate flavor and its velvet consistency. While still a ranking shortening, there are others to be used as equivalents.

Margarine may be used as a butter equivalent, to which its lower price makes it an economical substitute. Margarine creams very readily and is an excellent melted fat for use with batters, doughs, waffles, and similar cake making. It also is a good choice for enriching vegetable sauces, stuffings, making fish sauces, and pudding accessories, such as hard sauce.

A shortening in liquid form, such as the corn oil, cottonseed oil, and peanut oil group, has the added advantage of requiring no work of creaming or beating into sugar when used in cake making and similar foods. Many women like liquid shortenings above all because of this one advantage.

Goose grease and chicken fat are popular among some classes of housewives whose cakes, cookies, and batter dishes have excellent quality, crispness and flavor. The animal fat shortenings give added flavor to cookies, heavy fruit cakes and to muffins.

What shortening for pastry? Probably no one answer can be given, as every chef and expert has his or her own special combination. A proportion of half lard and half pure butter is liked greatly by many good pastry cooks. Others think that pure butter or margarine, or a hard vegetable fat cannot be equalled.

Often a commercial shortening which is a combination of various fats, blended in a special way, is the one which produces lightness with crisp or flaky consistency. It is certainly far from true that only butter will give flaky pastry or a fluffy cake. Today there are on the market a half dozen excellent combination fat shortenings which we might call blended shortenings.

Foods with a large percentage of fat either in their mixture, or foods cooked and fried in fat, are at their best right now in mid-Winter. Fats and oils furnish energy—and also any diet without fats and oils is dry and unpalatable.

Nothing makes the Winter menu more interesting and more zestful than a variety of foods with fat handled in the right way. Crullers, cornbread—or short'ning bread, novel biscuits, and desserts where fried texture and toothsomeness make for appetite, all attract the hostess desirous of pleasing her family.

Neverfail Pastry: 3 cups pastry flour, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ pound vegetable shortening, 1 beaten egg, 1 tablespoon vinegar, icewater. Sift flour and salt; cut in shortening; add beaten egg and vinegar; add about 4 tablespoons ice water or enough to hold dough together. Mix lightly with fork. Roll to ⅛-inch thickness and line pan. Bake at 450 degrees F. for 12 minutes. (Makes 2 double-crust pies).

Chinese Fried Noodles: Boil string noodles in water, drain and pour over cold water. Fry a small quantity at a time in fat heated to 385 degrees F., until crisp and delicately brown. Drain on paper. May be rewarmed.

Ham Fritters With Bananas: 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons milk, 3 tablespoons flour, salt, pepper, minced onion, 2 cups ground cooked ham (or other meat). Beat eggs, add flour, seasoning and ham. Drop by spoonfuls into hot fat and fry until brown. Drain on paper. Arrange in center of platter and garnish with bananas cut in quarters and fried, with sprinkled brown sugar and cinnamon as flavoring.

Saturday Gingersnaps: ⅔ cup white sugar, 1 cup light molasses, 2 teaspoons vinegar, 1 cup melted shortening, 1 teaspoon baking soda, 2 teaspoons ginger, 1 cup or more flour to mix. Combine sugar, molasses and vinegar. Add melted shortening and mix well. Sift soda with ginger and 1 cup of flour and add. Add additional flour to roll to soft dough. Cut with 2-inch cutter. Bake in moderate oven 8 to 10 minutes being careful not to over brown. Remove at once and cool. Keep crisp in tin box.

ARE YOUR HANDS Red? Rough? Old-Looking? Chapped?
?
WARNING Avoid strong soaps for dishes!
PLACE YOUR HAND HERE
"Lady-of-Leisure Hands" for YOU!
SHE THINKS: HE HATES MY HANDS NOW. THEY'RE SO ROUGH FROM ALL THAT DISHWASHING.
BUT IT WASN'T THE DISHWASHING It was the strong soap she used
ONE WEEK LATER
DARLING, YOUR HANDS ARE SO PRETTY AND SOFT AGAIN—LIKE THEY USED TO BE.
I'VE FOUND A NEW BEAUTY TREATMENT—IVORY FLAKES IN THE DISHPAN!
IVORY FLAKES
99 44/100 % PURE
IVORY

It's true! Give your hands the gentle care of Ivory Flakes in the dishpan—and you can keep them soft and white! Ivory Flakes are pure—made from the Ivory Soap that treats a baby's skin so gently. Your hands are delicate, too. So don't let the harsh suds of strong kitchen soaps dry and coarsen them. Change to gentle Ivory Flakes . . . and see the soft silken smoothness of your hands come back. Yes, with Ivory Flakes in your dishpan, you can have "Lady-of-Leisure hands" for about 1¢ a day.

99 44/100 % PURE

That + + + something extra: fragrance!

You can have a Martini without an olive—but the olive adds *something extra* to your enjoyment.

There are many lotions for your hands—but Frostilla has something extra—*fragrance!* Its lovely scent is an extra touch of luxury and niceness—an irresistible addition to its unequalled soothing, smoothing qualities. Choose and use Frostilla; it has everything you seek in a hand lotion—*plus fragrance!*

35c, 50c and $1.00 sizes everywhere.
Travel size at better ten-cent stores.

fragrant FROSTILLA *Lotion*

Better for Baby!

Faultless WONDER Nipples

No. 10 5¢
No. 25 10¢

Insure proper feeding for Baby with ideal-shape, 3-hole, easy-feeding, WONDER Nipples of purest rubber. Soft, smooth, just right for Baby's tender mouth. Give perfect service. Hold Shape—not injured by repeated sterilizing, or by milk and food fats. Easy on—easy off, but Baby cannot pull them off. Two Sizes—No. 10 for narrow neck bottles, 5c; No. 25 (patented valve prevents collapsing) for wide mouth nursers, 10c.

For FREE NIPPLE, mail this adv. by Mar. 31, 1938, stating the nipple desired (No. 10 or No. 25), to us—or take it to any authorized Faultless druggist.

SPECIAL OFFER: 75c Value, 25c

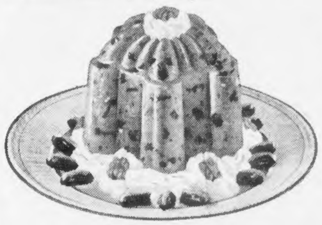
To demonstrate the superior quality of Faultless rubber goods we will send you for only 25c our 75c package, containing one each No. 10 and No. 25 WONDER Nipples and this latest improved "Wearever" No. 40 KUMFY Face Bottle—special pint size, just right for Baby. *Bottle is covered on one side with velvety rubber sponge, which tempers the heat for Baby's tender skin.* Return this adv. with 25c before Mar. 31, 1938, to The Faultless Rubber Company, 216 Rubber Street, Ashland, Ohio.

WHAT DESSERTS DO HUSBANDS LIKE?

ANSWERED BY MRS. KNOX

● When friend husband sends his plate back for more—then you can be sure the dessert was a success. Expect that to happen often when you make desserts with Knox Sparkling Gelatine, because Knox recipes are the result of years of study on the dishes men like the very best. Thousands of women have written me, telling what *their* husbands' favorites are, and my recipe books contain the pick of them all.

This Tropical Delight, delicious as it is, is only one of several hundred equally attractive dishes you can make with plain gelatine. Knox combines with all Nature's fruits and vegetables . . . it makes fluffy chiffon pies of a dozen different kinds . . . puddings that are plump with goodness . . . salads so delicious even husbands praise them. It does all this economically, because a package makes four entirely different dishes, six servings each. There are recipes in the package—and for two FREE handbooks on desserts husbands like just mail the coupon.



TROPICAL DELIGHT
(6 Servings—uses only ¼ package)

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water
1 cup very strong hot coffee
⅓ cup sugar
1 tablespoonful cocoa
¼ teaspoonful salt
1 cup dates, sliced
¼ cup walnuts, chopped
½ cup cream or evaporated milk (whipped)
½ teaspoonful vanilla
1 tablespoonful lemon juice

Pour cold water in bowl and sprinkle gelatine on top of water. Add sugar, salt, cocoa, hot coffee and lemon juice and stir until dissolved. Cool, and when it begins to stiffen, add dates and nuts. Fold in whipped cream or whipped evaporated milk and vanilla. Chill. When firm, unmold and serve with whipped cream or whipped evaporated milk. Garnish with stuffed dates.

NOTE:—If you have no fancy molds use any bowl or dish you may have.

Additional recipes in the package and dozens of them in Mrs. Knox's Recipe Books

KNOX *is the real* GELATINE

KNOX GELATINE,
8 Knox Ave.,
Johnstown, N.Y.

Please send me FREE Mrs. Knox's book, "Desserts, Salads, Candies and Frozen Dishes" and her other famous book, "Food Economy".

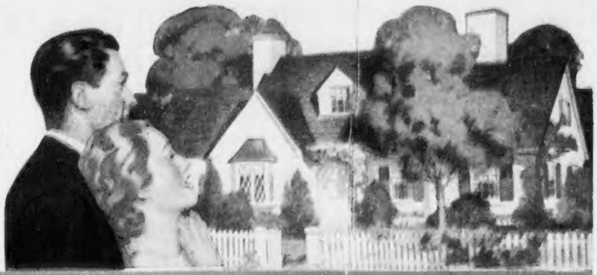
Name
Address
City *State* 2/2

FREE TO EVERYONE WHO MAILS COUPON—A GORGEOUS 7" x 9" FULL-COLOR PICTURE OF YOUR FAVORITE DIONNE QUIN!

Now! within your reach—

The Home of your Dreams!

Someone will get it free! Just through mailing the coupon!

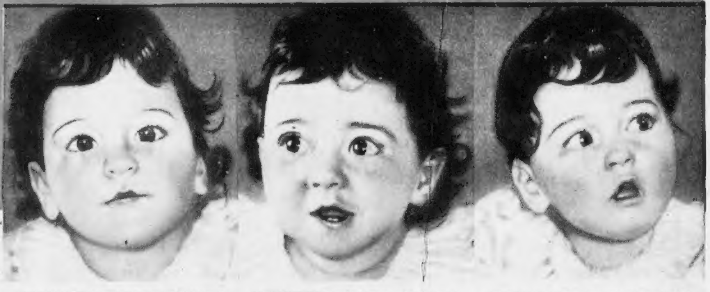


FREE·THIS BEAUTIFUL $10,000 HOME or the CASH

a Total of $15,501 in 3,114 Cash Awards!

JUST FOR SUPPOSING AN ANSWER TO THIS SIMPLE QUESTION... *Which of the Dionne Quins would I adopt?*

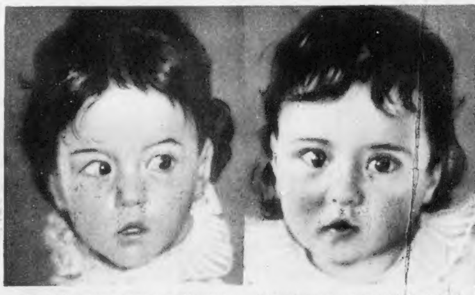
A fortune for day-dreaming! Just suppose the Government of Ontario, Canada, had not provided a wonderful future for the Dionne Quins. Just suppose you instead, had been called on to adopt one of these heaven-sent children. Which one would have appealed to you most? Your answer may win a marvelous $10,000 home.



YVONNE is always full of mischief. She can't resist the temptation to get her hands on your hair and then pull with all her might. Maybe it's because she's proud of her own hair, which is a little thicker and longer than her sisters'.

ANNETTE is a little rogue who cries one minute and laughs the next. If she doesn't get what she wants she drops the corners of her mouth into an adorable little pout that no one can resist. She's a speed demon in everything.

CECILE is a little coquette. She rolls her big blue-black eyes to attract attention, and then dreamily half closes them to get the full effect of her long, dusky lashes. She likes to put her arms around your neck and "hold on tight."



EMILIE promises to be a star athlete. She's getting off to an early start by being champion water splasher and kicker. She's a firm believer in knee action and perpetual motion, and is the most individualistic of them all.

MARIE is the most serious. She has an intriguing Mona Lisa smile, and even when she laughs, she seems to be miles away deciding some weighty problem. She's not quite as active as the others, but she's certainly a thinker.

All photos World Copyright 1935, N. E. A. Service, Inc.

$15,501 FREE to 3,114 People!

FIRST PRIZE . . . . $10,000 DREAM HOME OR $10,000 IN CASH

This beautiful white shingled 6-room house is reminiscent of early Georgian days. A wonderfully romantic home, practical throughout, and providing space for two extra bedrooms and a bath to be readily added in the future. Designed by Lucius S. Beardsley, New York Architect, and selected by Architectural Forum Magazine. Present 6-room plan can be built for not to exceed $8,000 complete with finest specifications, allowing $2,000 of the $10,000 first award available to buy ground. Complete architect's plans, with full specifications ready to turn over to your local contractor, along with $10,000 in cash, is the first award in this offer. Or, if you prefer, just the $10,000 in cash.

FIRST PRIZE	**$10,000 DREAM HOME, or THE CASH**
SECOND PRIZE . . .	**$ 1,000 IN CASH**
THIRD PRIZE	**$ 500 IN CASH**
10 PRIZES $50 EACH	**$ 500 IN CASH**
100 PRIZES $5 EACH	**$ 500 IN CASH**
3,001 PRIZES $1 EACH	**$ 3,001 IN CASH**
3,114 AWARDS	**$15,501 IN CASH**

HERE'S an offer so spectacular, so wonderfully timely in these days when everyone wants security, that you will surely want to send your entry today.

We're offering this amazing chance for you to have a $10,000 dream-home, or any one of the 3,114 cash awards totaling $15,501, that you may know the Dionne Quins better. And more about the model methods that made their raising such a spectacular success. For every mother in the world looks with amazement at the record of these world's hardest-to-raise children. Once given only one chance in a million to live at all, today they are healthy, robust and thrilling testimonials to the great skill of the specialists who raised them.

What the Quins eat

Mothers should know that today and every day the Dionne Quins have Quaker Oats. Its Vitamin B for keeping fit does everyone, young and old, such a world of good, where poor condition is due to lack of Vitamin B.

We all must have this 3-purpose vitamin! Loss of appetite, nervousness, under-nourishment, malnutrition result when our diets are short of it. Youngsters aren't as bright, don't get along as well at school, when they suffer lowered vitality in this way.

Amazing 3-purpose Vitamin

Now anyone poorly nourished for Vitamin B can develop a wholesome normal appetite without being coaxed to eat. Stubborn cases of constipation, nervous fidgety upsets, due to lack of this same 3-purpose Vitamin, respond almost magically after regular feeding of this precious food substance, according to medical records.

Now, for only a few pennies, everyone in your family may have the very Quaker Oats that specialists picked for the Dionne Quins.

Flaked from the cream of the oat crop, Quaker Oats and milk supply wonderful food energy for youngsters and grown-ups alike. Vitamins for growth and vitality. Minerals for strong bones and teeth.

How to win the Dream Home

So that every mother will know the remarkable truth about Quaker Oats and why specialists picked this cereal for the Dionne Quins, we make this timely offer.

Think of it! A Dream Home worth $10,000 all your very own. Or that amount in cash to do with as you please. A total of 3,114 cash awards amounting to $15,501 in real money.

All you do is send us a statement of 100 words or less on, "WHICH OF THE DIONNE QUINS WOULD I ADOPT." Just a bit of day-dreaming on your part is all. Because the Ontario, Canada, Government has already adopted them and guaranteed them a wonderful future.

But just for the fun of it, suppose for a moment that you were asked to take one of them into your home. Study their pictures. Read the description of their personalities and traits. Make up your mind which one would fit into your surroundings most ideally. Then send a statement of 100 words or less naming your choice and why, along with the coupon properly filled out. The best letters in the opinion of competent judges win the 3,114 awards named above

Dionne color picture FREE

Everyone who enters the contest gets a wonderful 7" x 9" full color picture, free and postpaid by return mail, of the Dionne Quin mentioned in his or her letter. It bears no printed matter, and will frame beautifully for your wall. . . So accept this thrilling gift and send us the coupon today.

QUICK
MOTHER'S OATS
QUICK
QUAKER OATS

QUAKER OATS and MOTHER'S OATS are the same.

GROCERS! YOU'RE IN ON THIS, TOO To induce grocers and clerks to cooperate in helping customers enter this contest, awards of $1,000, $500, 10 awards of $50 each and 100 $5 prizes will be made to grocers whose names appear on customers' winning entries. A total of $2,500 in 112 prizes for grocers.

Let a **QUAKER OATS BREAKFAST** *help you keep fit!*

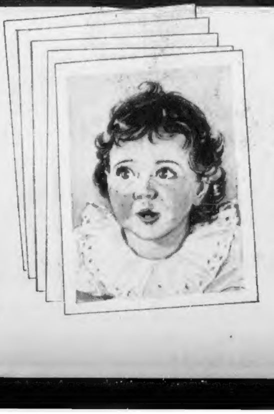
HOW TO WIN A $10,000 DREAM HOME OR ANY OF THE $15,501

Remember, this is a game of "just pretend," as the Ontario, Canada, Government has already officially adopted the Dionne Quins. Now study their faces in the pictures and read the descriptions of each Quin. Just suppose you were asked to adopt one of them, which would you like best to snuggle in your arms?

Write a letter of not more than 100 words telling, "WHICH OF THE DIONNE QUINS WOULD I ADOPT." Just write simply, naturally, and in your own way. Sincerity and frankness count for everything. Judges will not be influenced by fancy writing or decorated letters.

Mail your letter with the coupon below properly filled out to The Quaker Oats Company, Dept. 1, Box L, Chicago. You will receive immediately the beautiful 7" x 9" color picture of the Dionne Quin you write about, free and postpaid, suitable for framing.

FREE! This beautiful 7 in. x 9 in. full-color picture of your favorite Dionne Quin sent to everyone who mails this entry blank before March 31, 1936



RULES OF THE $15,501 FREE OFFER

1 Anyone in the United States or Canada may mail coupon properly filled out and be in on this offer, except employees of The Quaker Oats Company and their agents or their families.

2 All entries must be postmarked before midnight, March 31, 1936.

3 Each person may enter as many times as he or she wishes to. But only one statement may be sent with each 2 trademarks.

4 Each coupon must be accompanied by two trademarks cut from Quaker Oats or Mother's Oats packages—and a statement of 100 words or less, on, "WHICH OF THE DIONNE QUINS WOULD I ADOPT."

5 The opinion of the judges is final.

6 In cases of tie, duplicate awards will be made.

7 All entries must be addressed to and are the property of The Quaker Oats Company, Box L, Chicago, Ill.

Mail this entry blank NOW! It may mean a home of your own FREE!

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY, Department 1, Box L, CHICAGO, ILL.

I want to be in on that offer of a free $10,000 Dream Home, or the cash. Or any one of the 3,114 awards totaling $15,501. I am enclosing my statement of 100 words or less, on, "WHICH OF THE DIONNE QUINS WOULD I ADOPT."

I understand you will send free and postpaid a beautiful 7 in. x 9 in. color picture, suitable for framing, of the Dionne Quin mentioned in my letter.

I am enclosing two trademarks from packages of Quaker or Mother's Oats.

Name........................ *Address*........................

City........................ *State*........................

My Grocer's Name is........................ *His Address*........................

(Canadian readers address The Quaker Oats Co., Peterboro, or Saskatoon, Canada.)